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THE

TWIN SISTERS:

AN

OPERETTA,

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF

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BY

HERRMAN S. SARONI.

BOSTON:
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277 WASHINGTON STREET.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAB STANLEY. May Queen elect.
FLORENCE STANLEY. } Twin Sisters.

CORINNA.
ANNA. } Schoolmates.
MARY.

PRECIOSA, a Gipsey girl. Afterwards Florence.

MAIDS OF HONOR.

Chorus of Schoolgirls.

Chorus of Gipsies.

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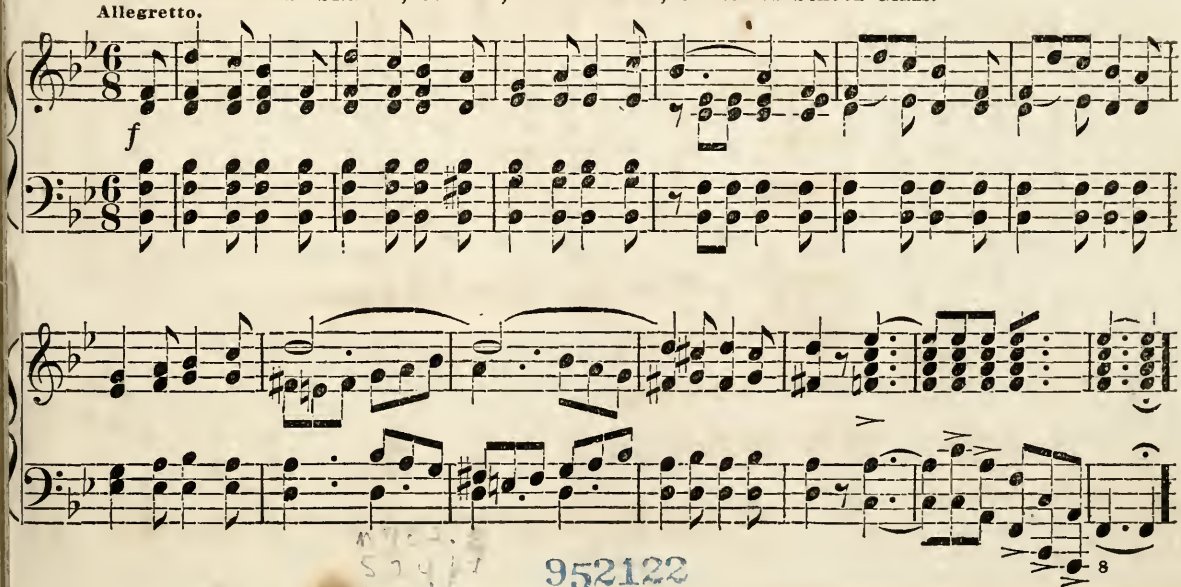
THE TWIN SISTERS.

SCENE I.—CHORUS.

The stage represents an arbor, with different entrances. — A throne to the left. — A moss bank to the right.

MAB STANLEY, CORINNA, ANNA & MARY, CHORUS OF SCHOOL GIRLS.



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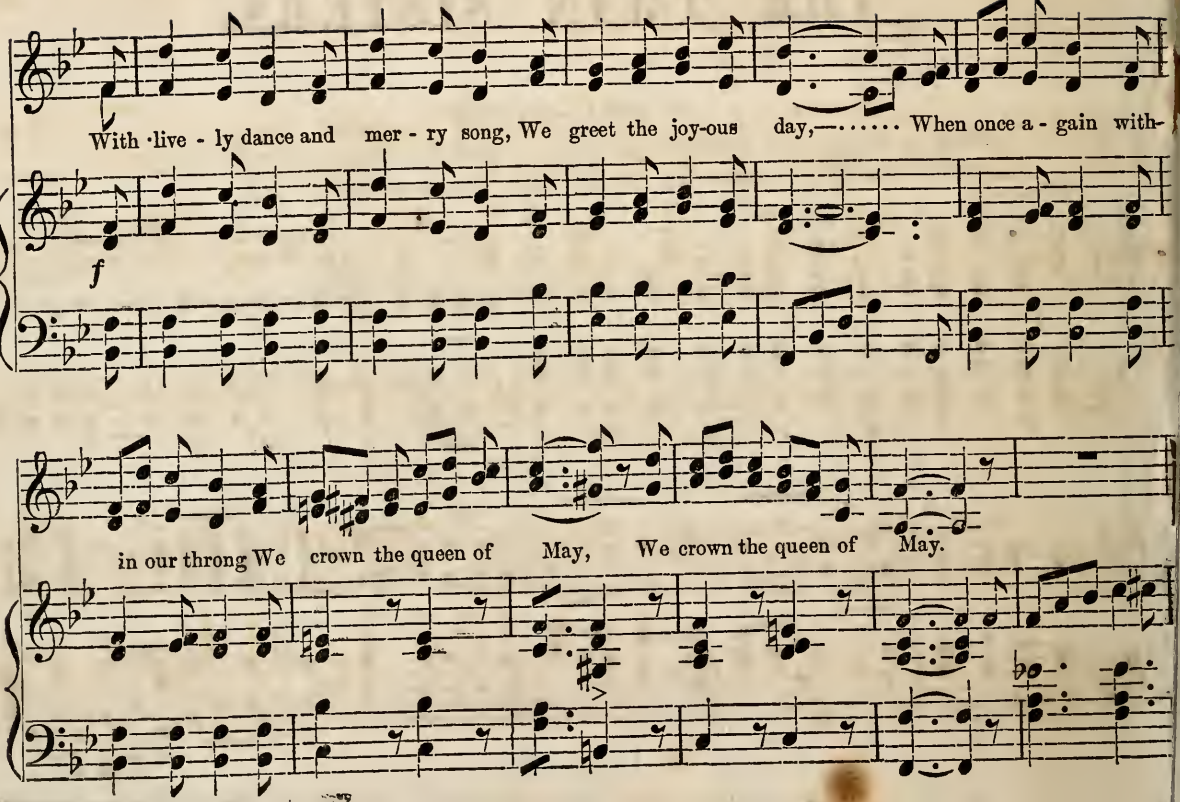
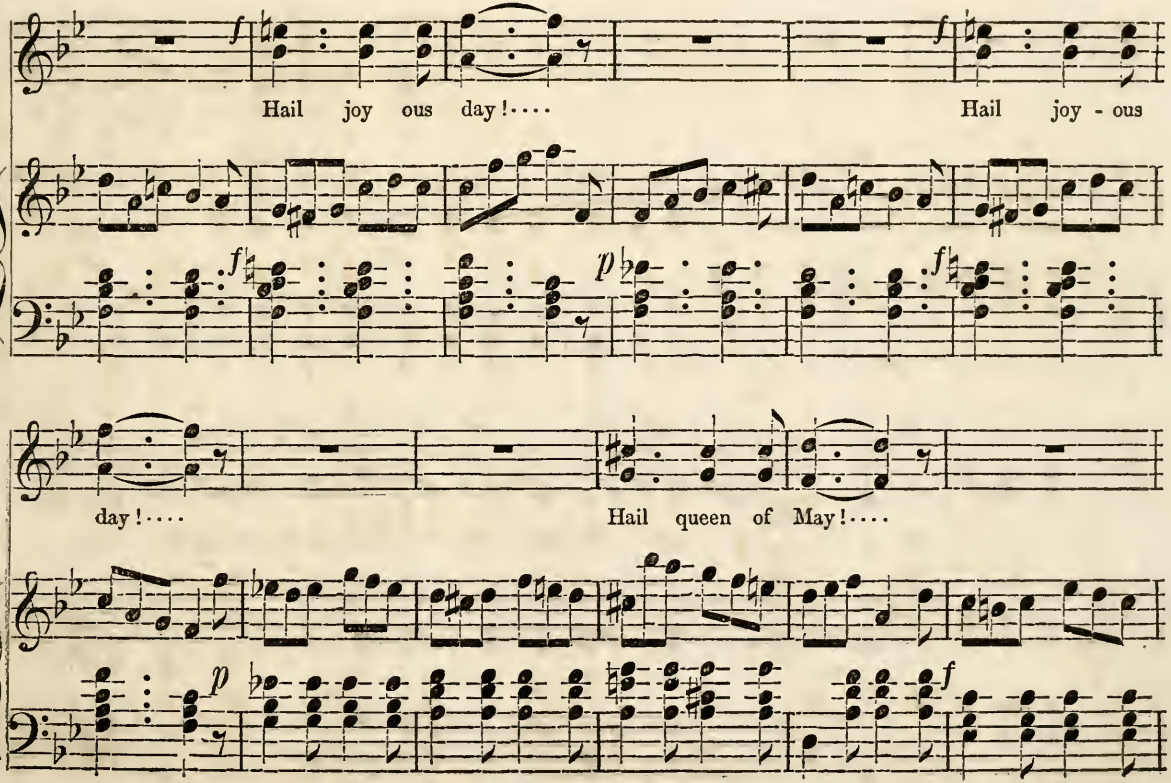
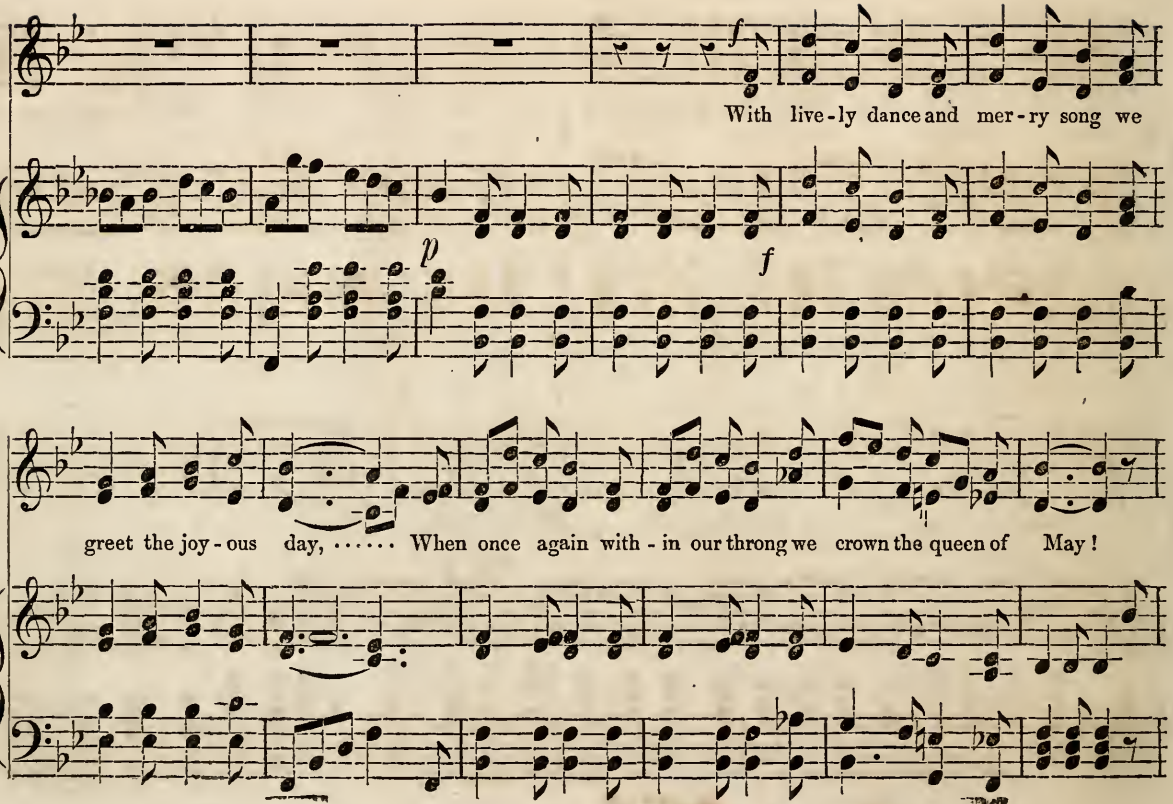
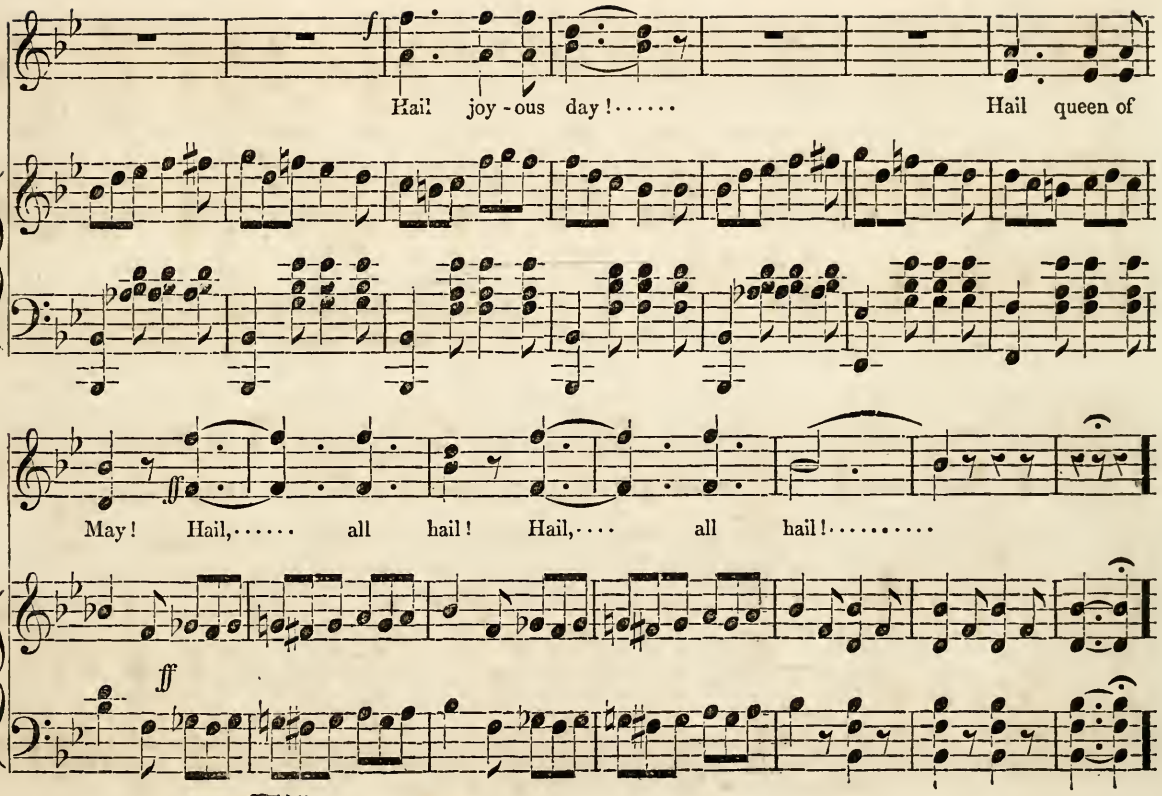
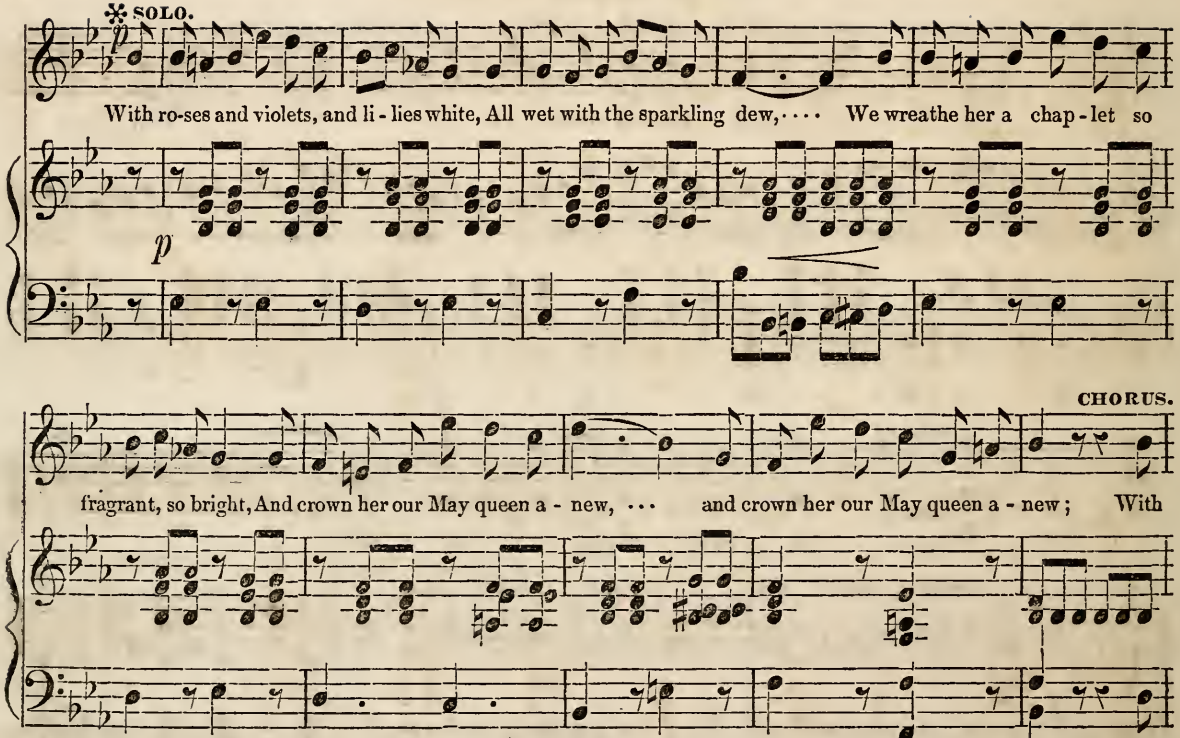

With live - ly dance and mer - ry song, We greet the joy-ous day,—..... When once a - gain with-
f
in our throng We crown the queen of May, We crown the queen of May.

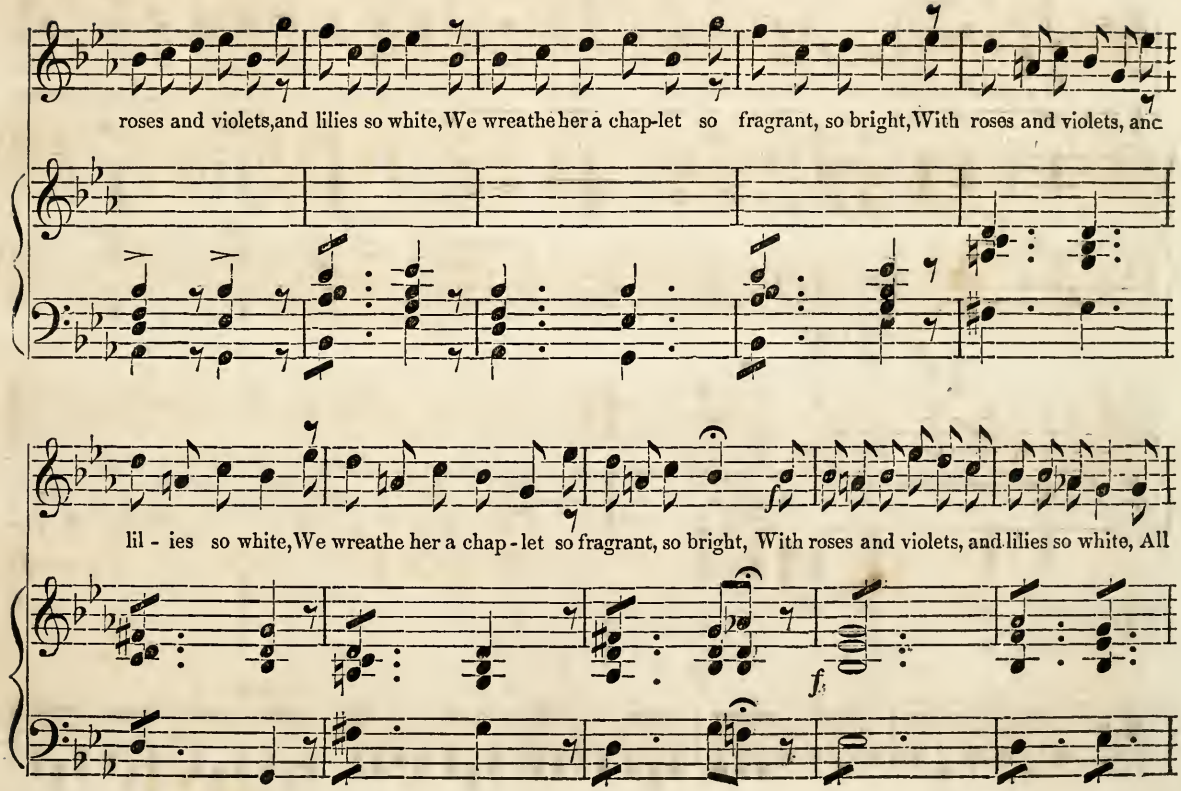

Hail joy ous day!····
Hail joy - ous
day!····
Hail queen of May!····

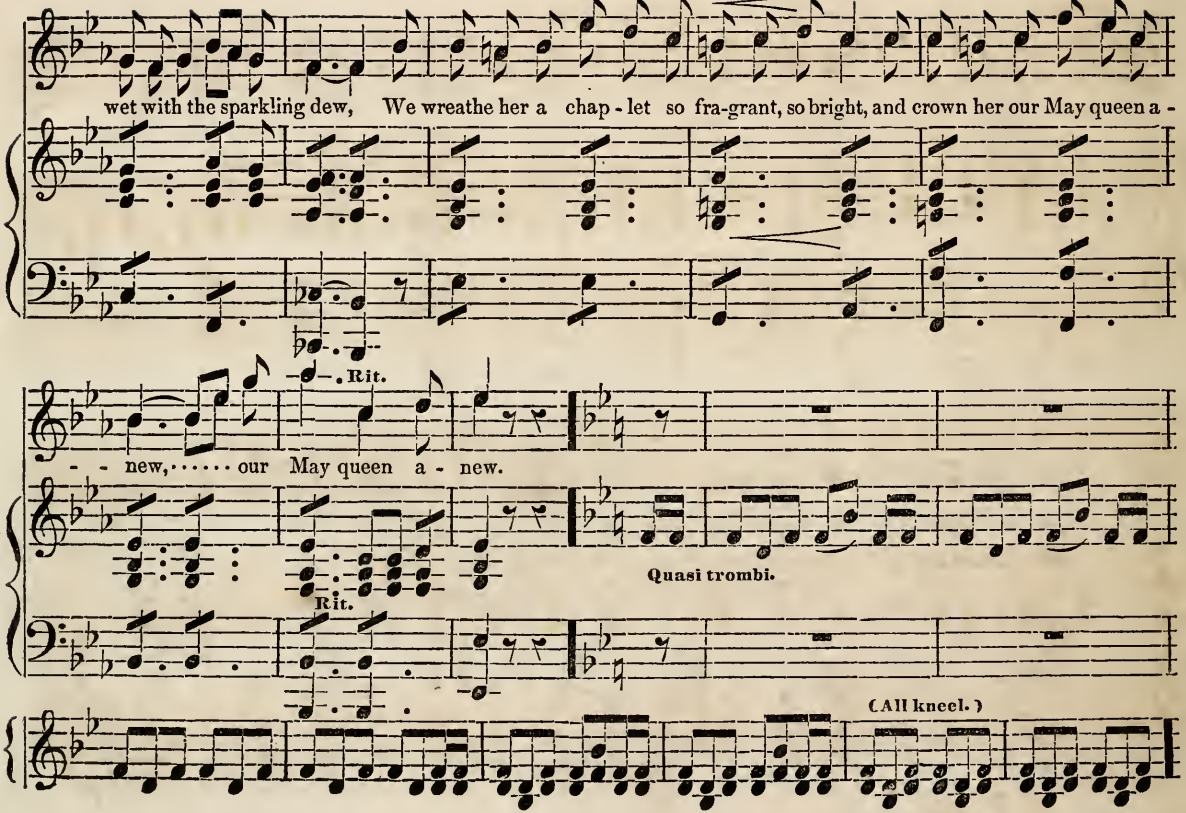

f
With live-ly dance and mer-ry song we
p
f
greet the joy-ous day, ... When once again with-in our throng we crown the queen of May!

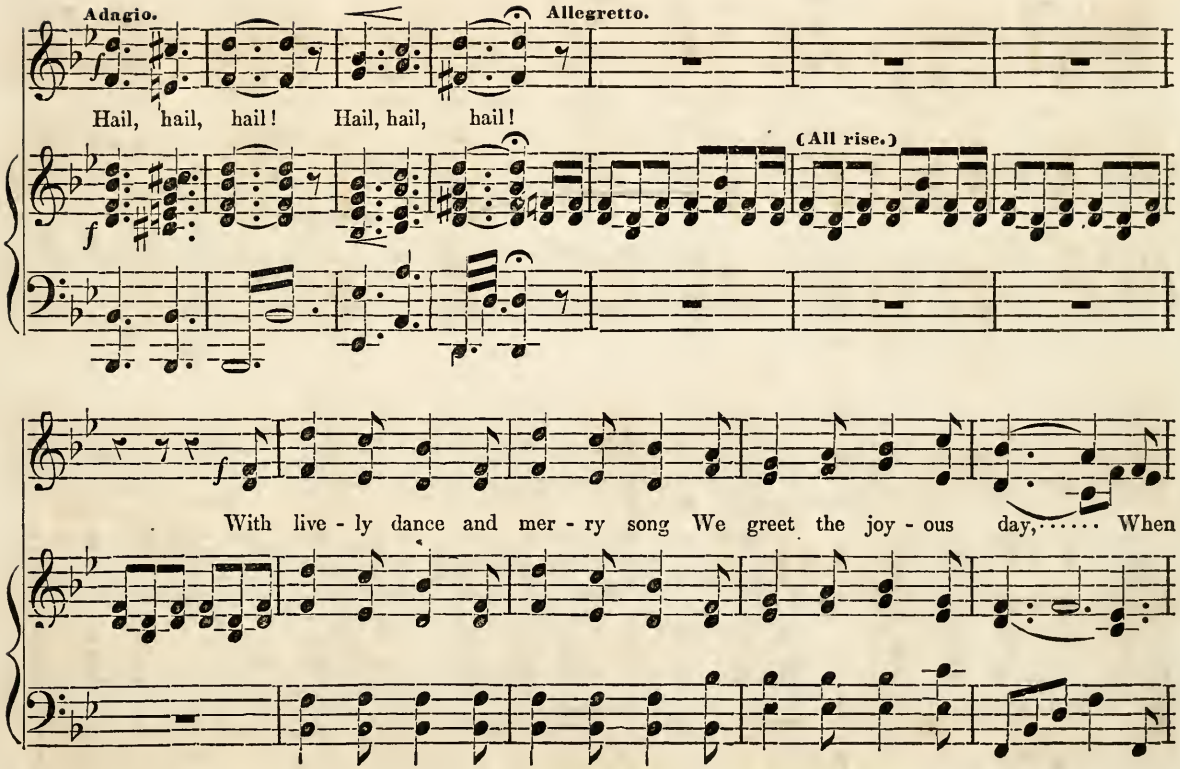

f
Hail joy - ous day !.....
Hail queen of
ff
May ! Hail,..... all hail ! Hail,.... all hail !.....
ff

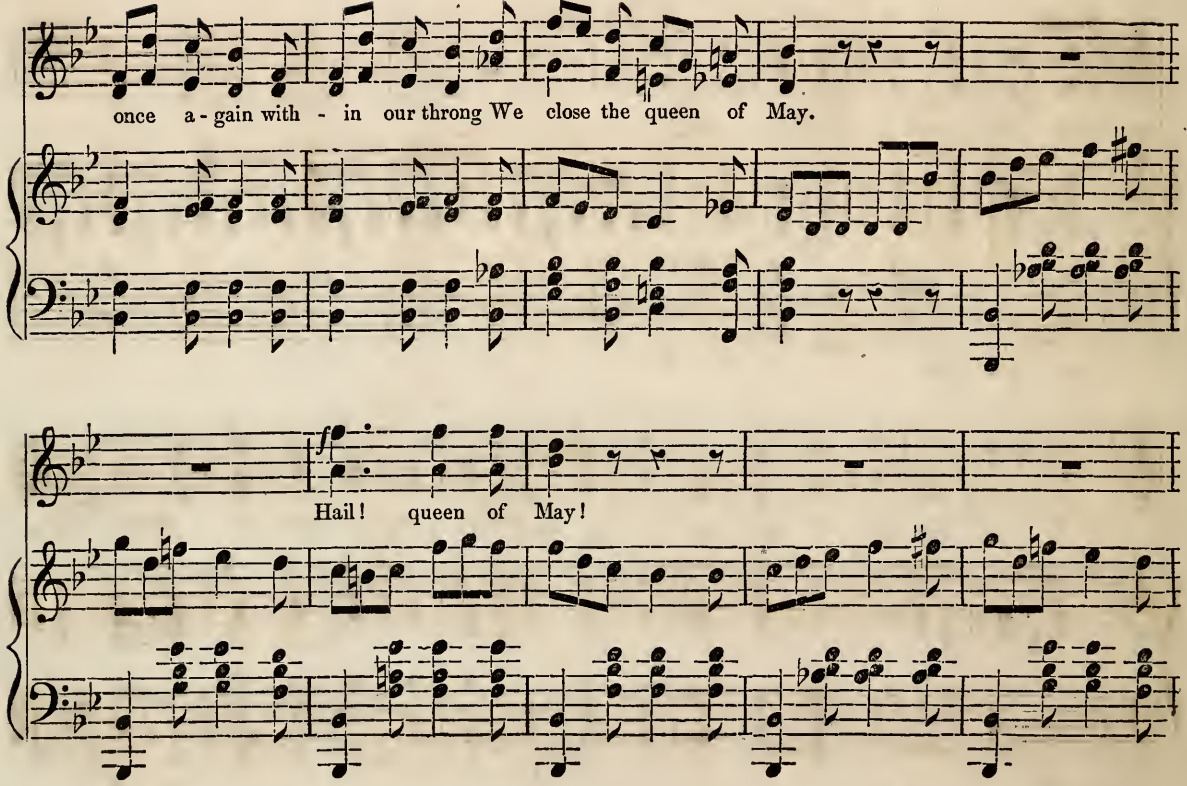


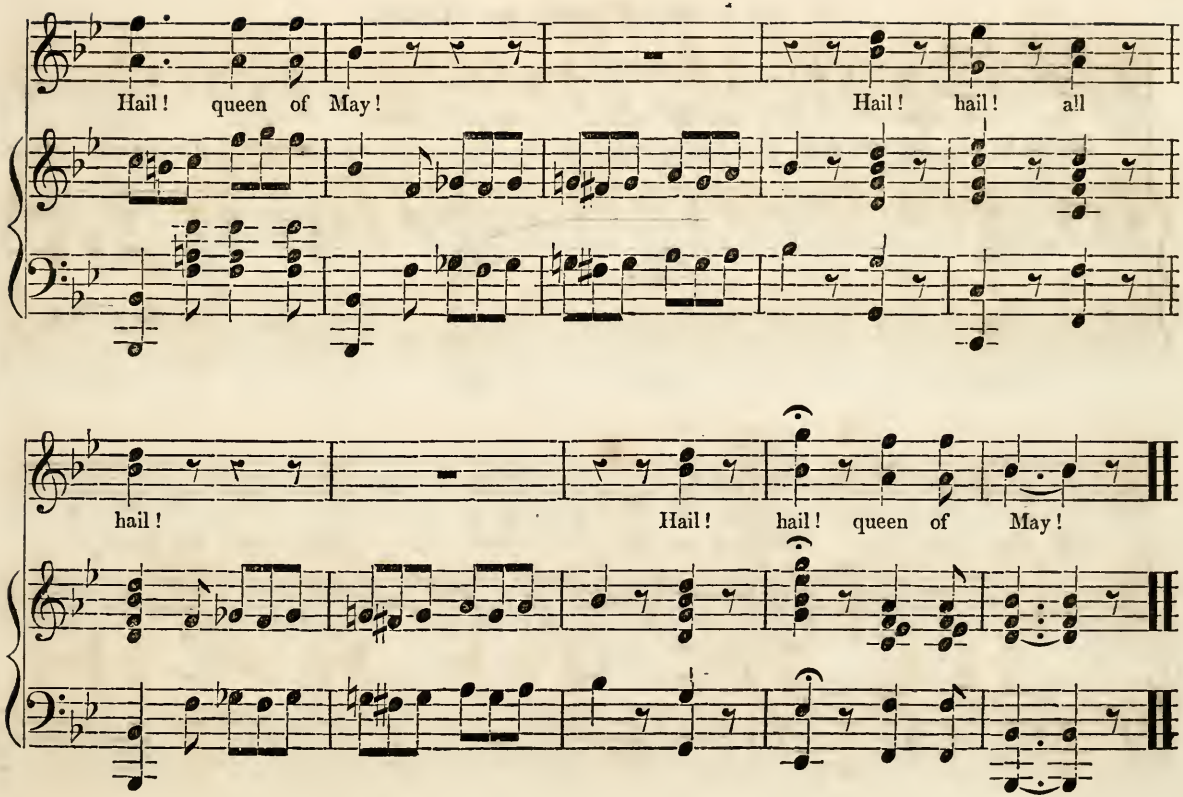
* While this part of the Chorus is sung, three young ladies, bearing garland, sceptre and crown, advance one after the other, and present them to the queen. After this they lead her to the throne, and remain at her side. This must be so arranged that all is finished before the Chorus sings "Hail, hail, hail," at which they all kneel.


roses and violets,and lilies so white,We wreathe her a chap-let so fragrant, so bright,With roses and violets, and
lil - ies so white,We wreathe her a chap - let so fragrant, so bright, With roses and violets, and lilies so white, All
f
f

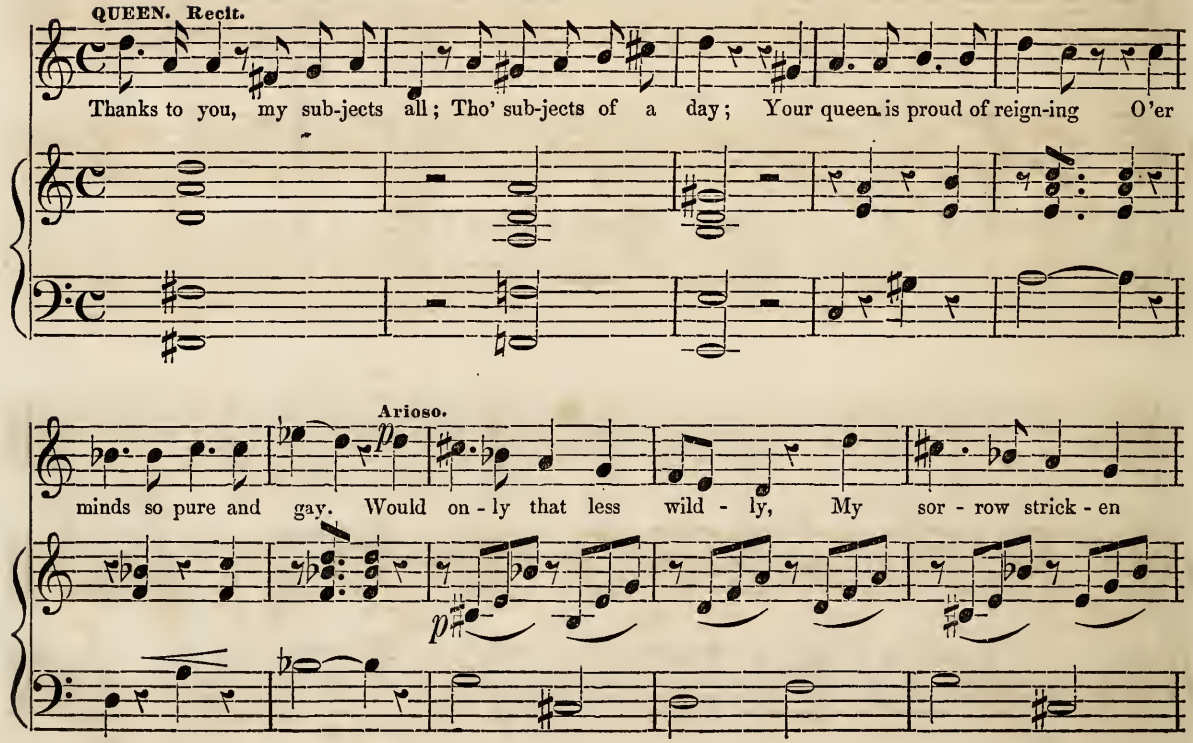

wet with the sparkling dew, We wreathe her a chap - let so fra-grant, so bright, and crown her our May queen a -
Rit.
- - new, · · · · · our May queen a - new.
Quasi trombi.
Rit.
(All kneel.)

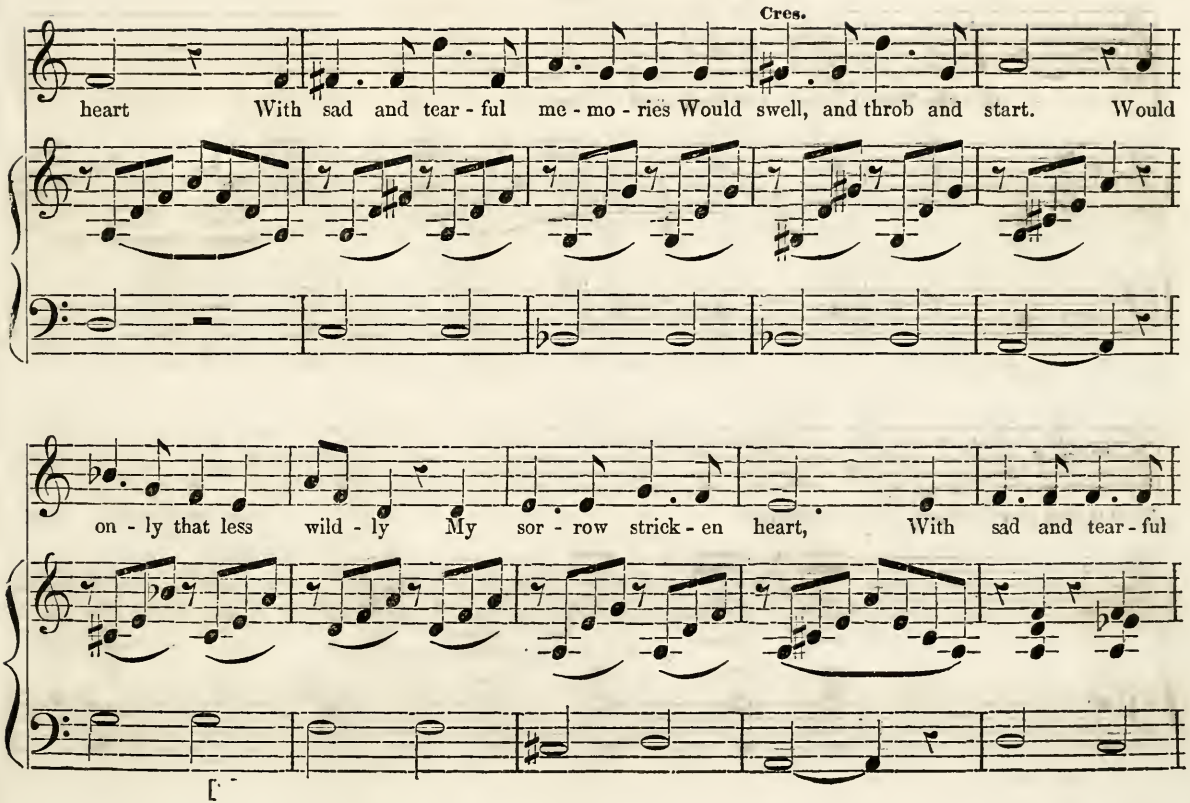

Adagio.
Allegretto.
Hail, hail, hail! Hail, hail, hail!
(All rise.)
With live - ly dance and mer - ry song We greet the joy - ous day, ... When

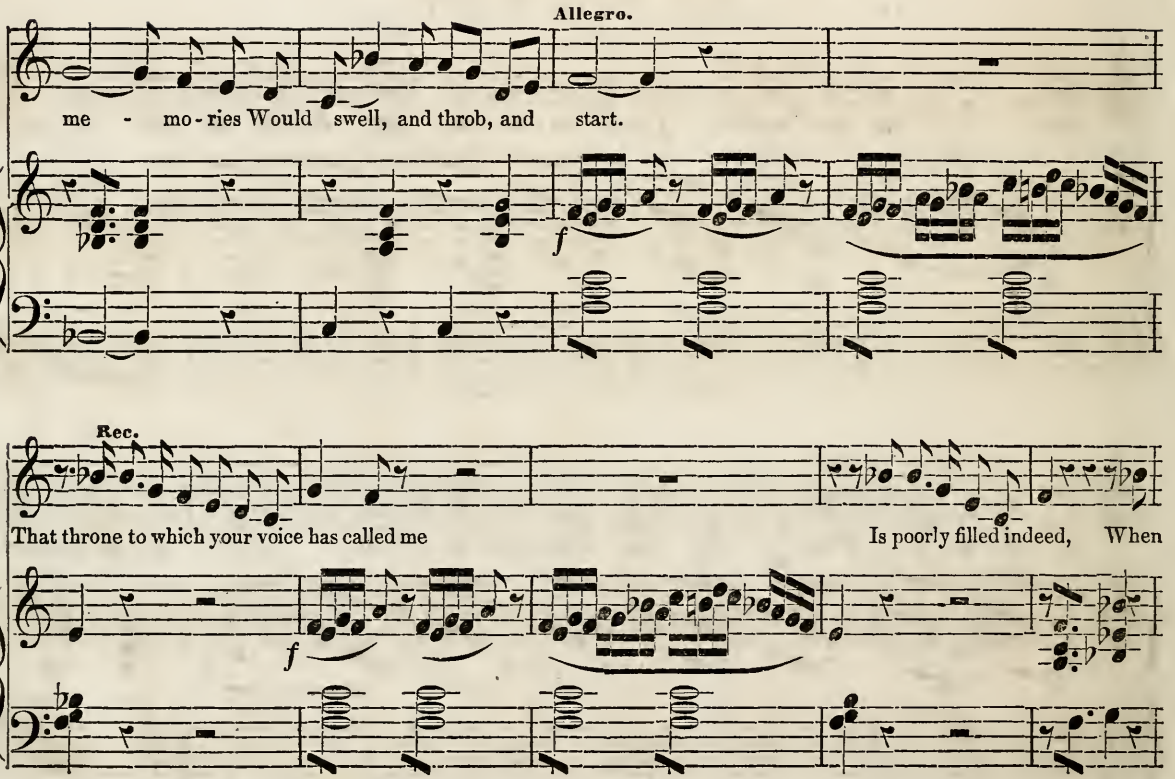

once a - gain with - in our throng We close the queen of May.
Hail! queen of May!

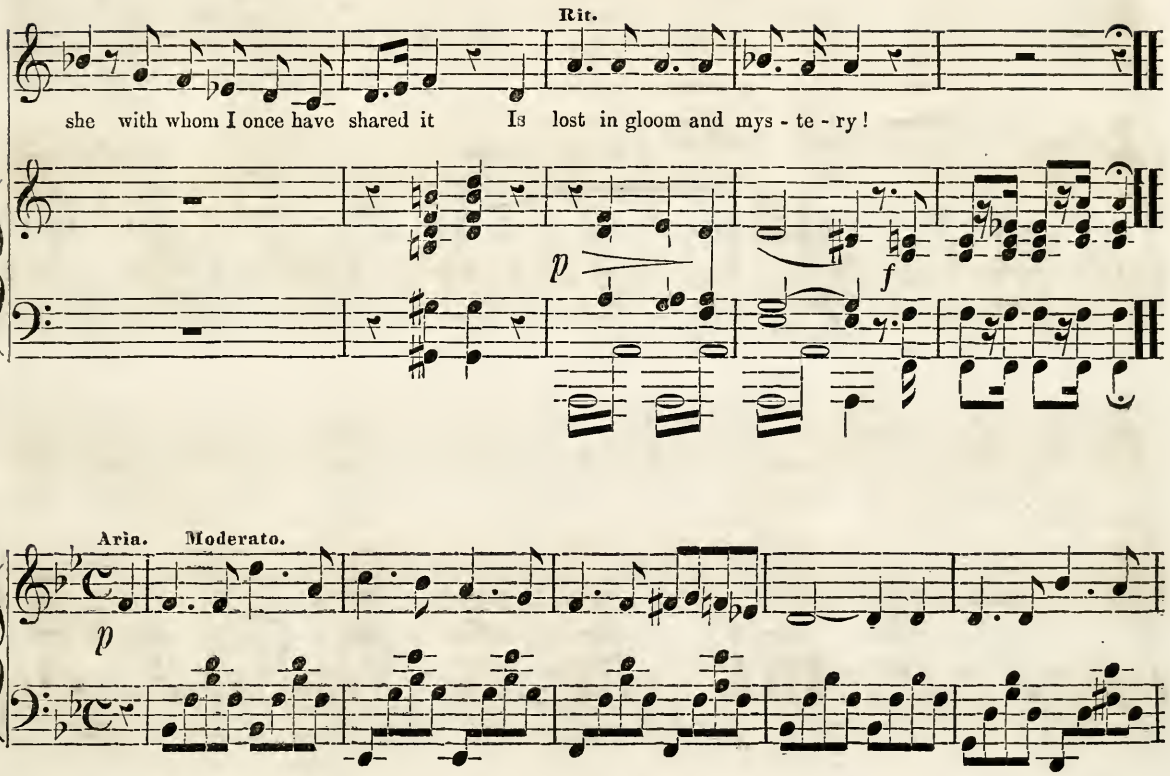

Hail! queen of May!
Hail! hail! all
hail!
Hail! hail! queen of May!

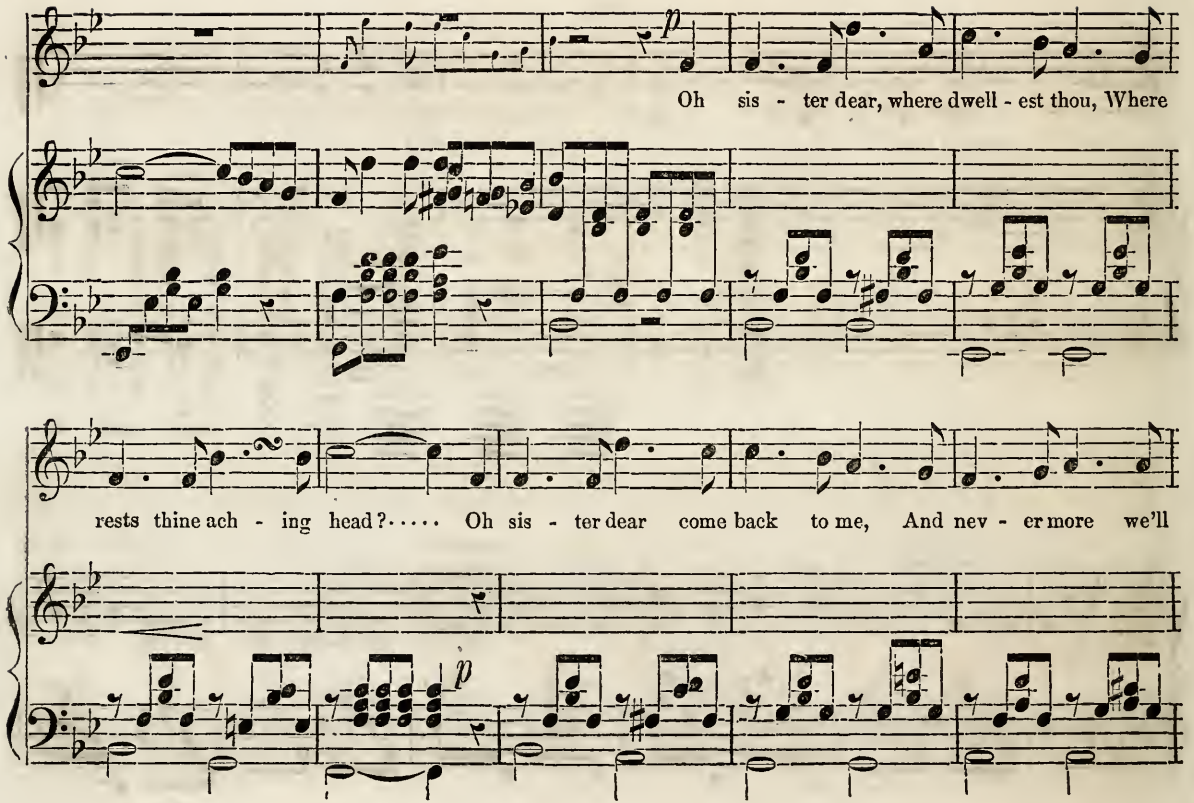
No. 2.—RECIT. ARIA and CHORUS.

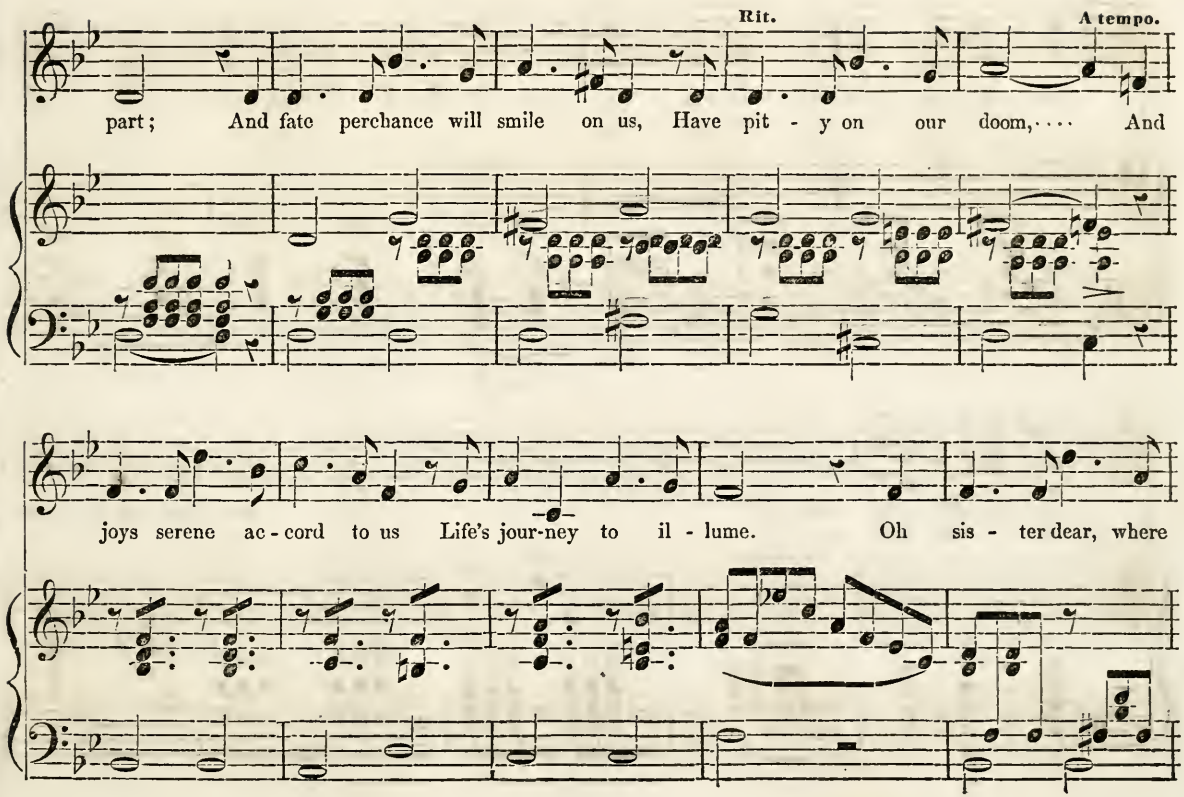


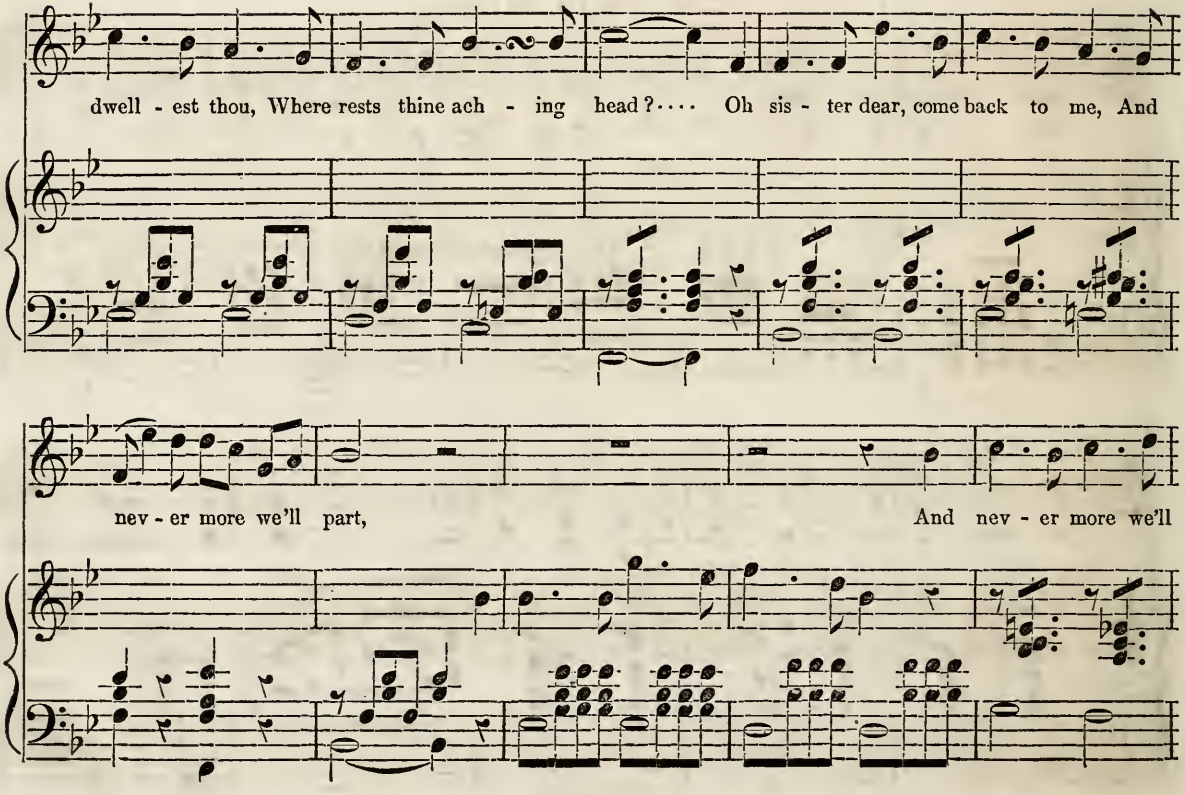

Cres.
heart With sad and tear - ful me - mo - ries Would swell, and throb and start. Would
on - ly that less wild - ly My sor - row strick - en heart, With sad and tear - ful

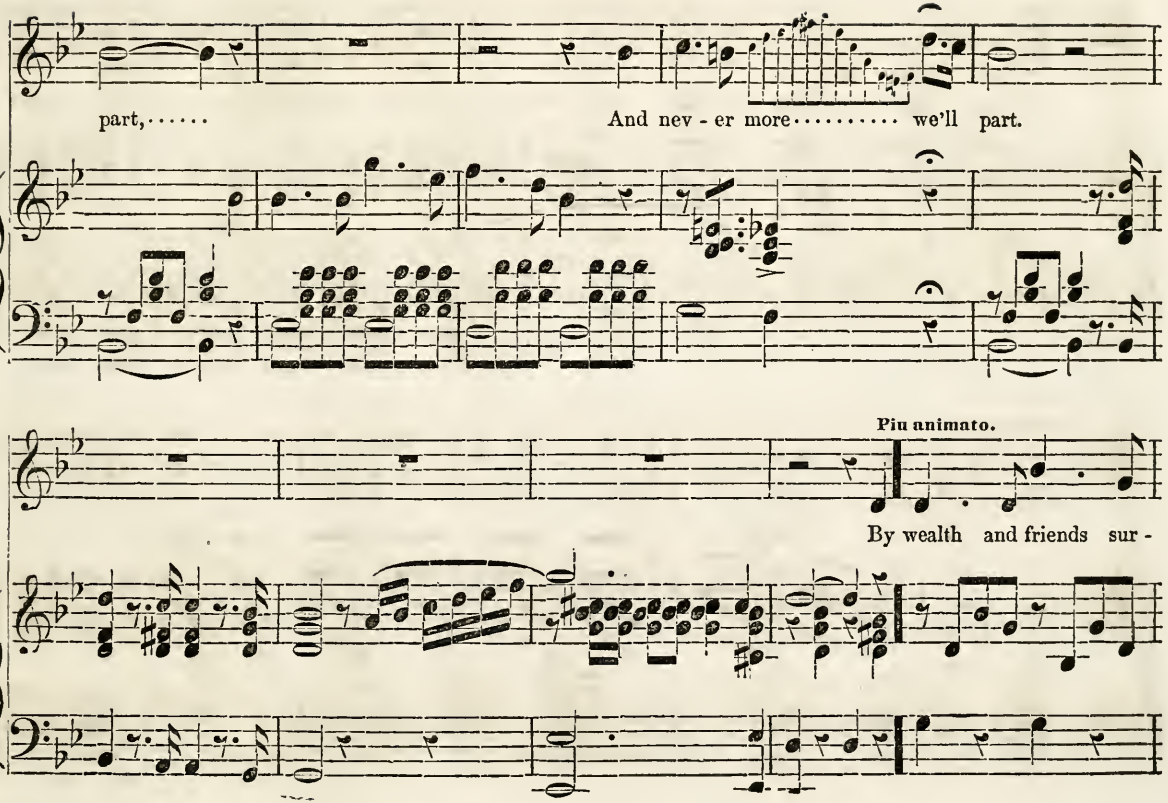

Allegro.
me - mo-ries Would swell, and throb, and start.
f
Rec.
That throne to which your voice has called me
Is poorly filled indeed, When
f

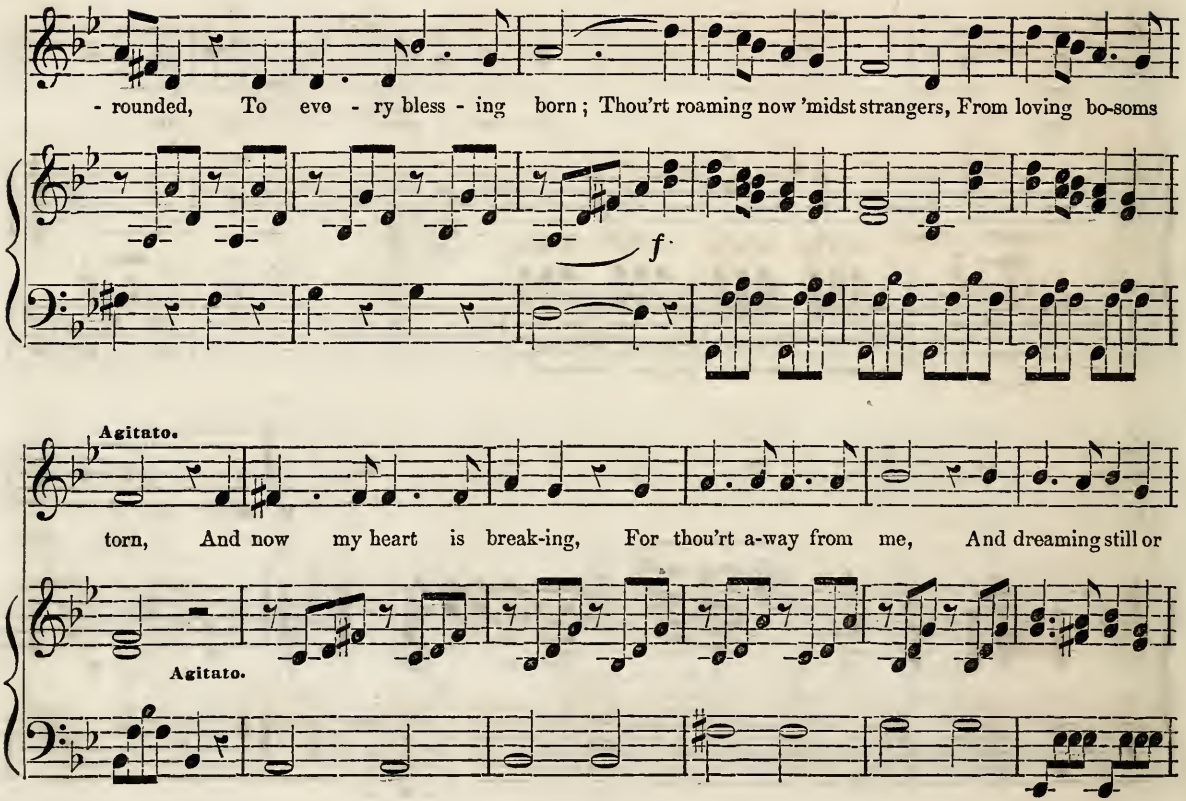

Rit.
she with whom I once have shared it Is lost in gloom and mys - te - ry!
p
f
Aria. Moderato.
p

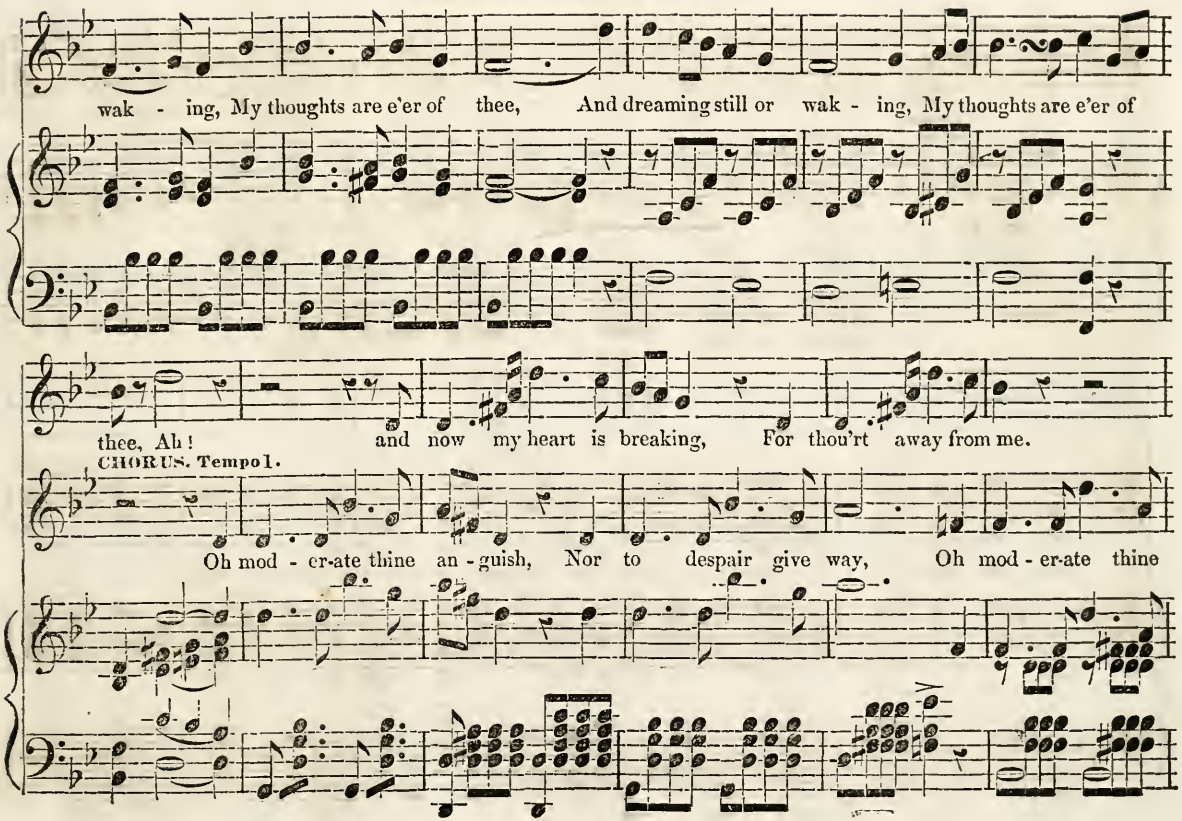

p
Oh sis - ter dear, where dwell - est thou, Where
rests thine ach - ing head?····· Oh sis - ter dear come back to me, And nev - er more we'll
p

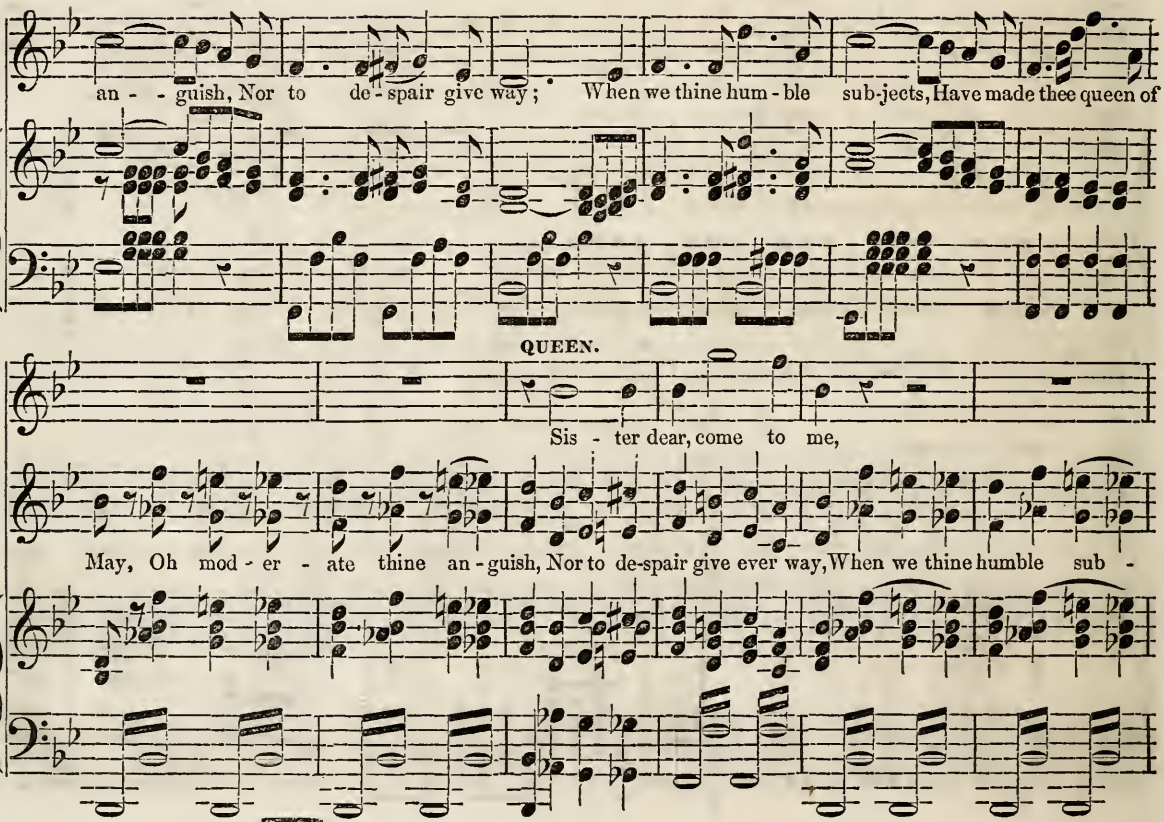

Rit.
A tempo.
part; And fate perchance will smile on us, Have pit - y on our doom, · · · · And
joys serene ac - cord to us Life's jour-ney to il - lume. Oh sis - ter dear, where

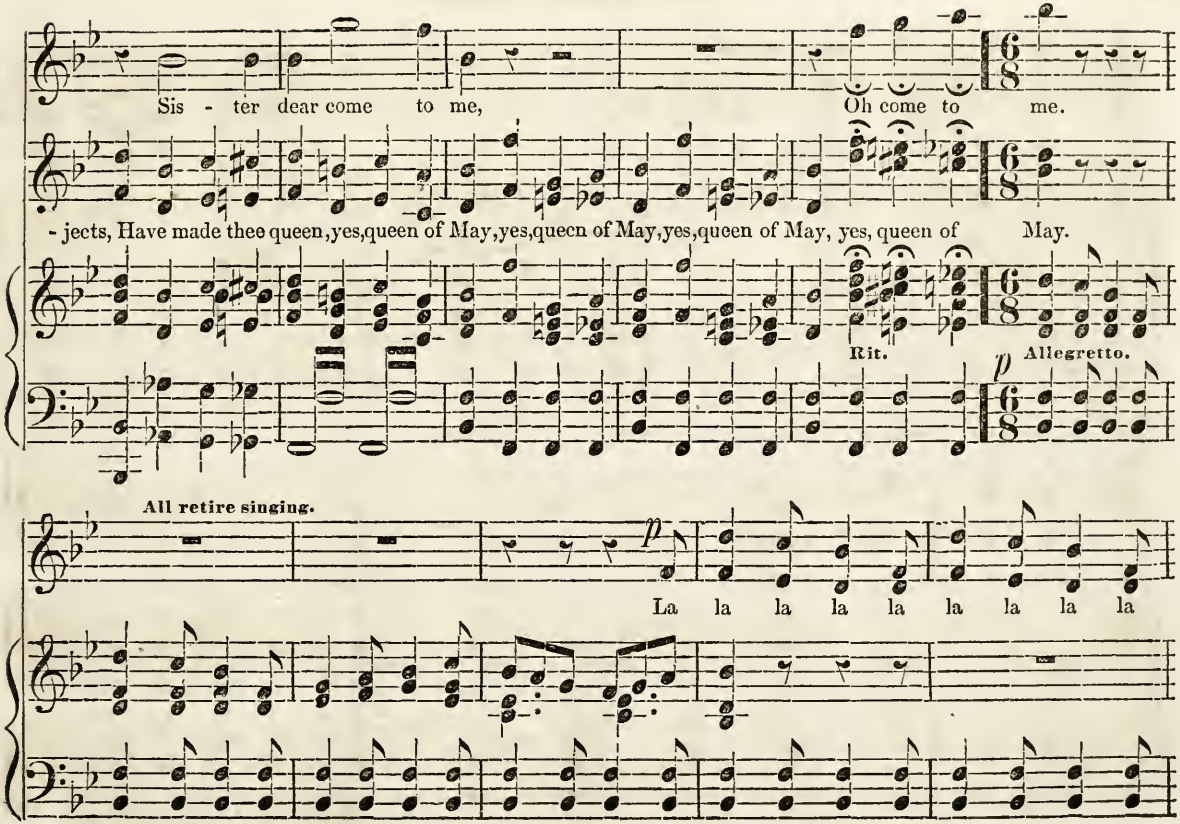

dwell - est thou, Where rests thine ach - ing head?···· Oh sis - ter dear, come back to me, And
nev - er more we'll part,
And nev - er more we'll

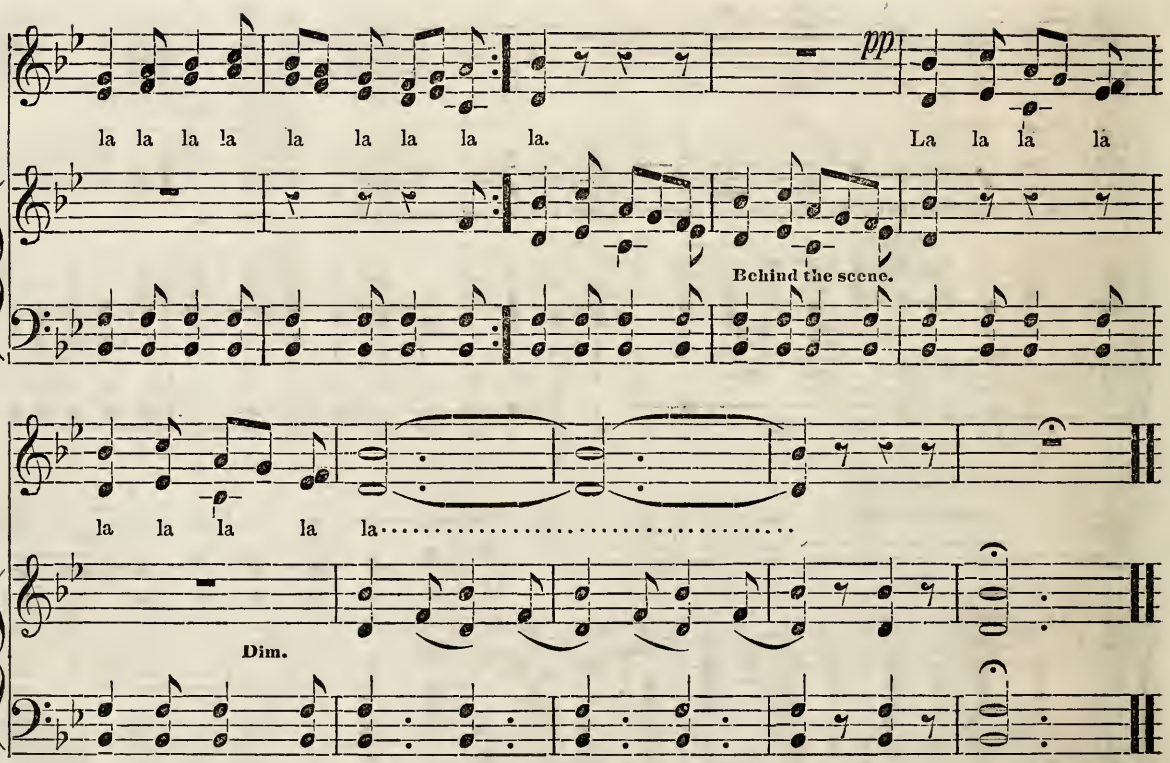

part,.....
And nev - er more..... we'll part.
Piu animato.
By wealth and friends sur -


- rounded, To eve - ry bless - ing born; Thou'rt roaming now 'midst strangers, From loving bo-soms
f
Agitato.
torn, And now my heart is break-ing, For thou'rt a-way from me, And dreaming still or
Agitato.


wak - ing, My thoughts are e'er of thee, And dreaming still or wak - ing, My thoughts are e'er of
thee, Ah! and now my heart is breaking, For thou'rt away from me.
CHORUS. Tempo 1.
Oh mod - er-ate thine an - guish, Nor to despair give way, Oh mod - er-ate thine


an - - guish, Nor to de - spair give way; When we thine hum - ble sub-jects, Have made thee queen of
QUEEN.
Sis - ter dear, come to me,
May, Oh mod - er - ate thine an - guish, Nor to de-spair give ever way, When we thine humble sub -


Sis - ter dear come to me,
Oh come to me.
- jects, Have made thee queen, yes, queen of May, yes, queen of May, yes, queen of May, yes, queen of May.
Rit.
p
Allegretto.
All retire singing.
p
La la la la la la la la la



As the queen sings the last four notes, she retires accompanied by her maids of honor. The Chorus follows, singing the latter part behind the scenes. If the Music of the Ritornell is too short, it may be repeated, as marked, until all are off the stage.

SCENE II.— Corinna, Mary, and Anna, return.

Mary.— Now, tell me, Corinna, what in the world has taken possession of Mab Stanley?— Did you ever see a Queen, so woe begone, in all your life?— In former years she was as merry as a cricket, as fleet as a deer, and as blooming as the opening rose that greets the rising sun with its dew-bathed smile;— and now, she is drooping like a withered lily,— regaling her friends with melancholy songs, and walking as if a weight, besides oppressing her heart, were attached to her feet.

Corinna.— No wonder, Mary, that you are astonished at the change in Mab Stanley.— You have been away from us so long!— But you surely must remember little Florence, Mab's twin sister. Alike in looks and disposition, they seemed to be born for each other, and for the admiration of all the world beside;— so all absorbent was their love. Well, some years ago—

Anna.— Now, you are not going to monopolize the telling of this story,— so, with your leave, I'll continue.— Three years ago we had our usual May-celebration, and as a matter of course, Mab and Florence were of the party. Our entertainment was to conclude with a dance on the green, by torch-light, and when we arrived at the appointed place, we found it occupied by a Gipsey encampment. We were all greatly interested by the strange habits and appearance of these roving people;— so much so, that but few joined in the dance, while the balance passed their time under the tents of the swarthy guests, having their fortunes told, and witnessing all kinds of lively tricks, played for our benefit.

Corinna.— But the worst trick was discovered when we reached home. No one had taken notice of little Florence, and the first we knew after retiring, was, that a loud knocking at our window shutters frightened us nearly to death. My father enquired the reason of this disturbance, and was in turn enquired of, whether he had seen anything of Florence,— her parents having thought it possible, that she might have gone home with some of the other girls, as she had not returned to her own home.

Mary.— You startle me with your tale, and can it be possible that her absence should not have been discovered, until late at night; or did they not think at once of the Gipsies?—

Anna.— It is very easy for you to anticipate what is coming; but I think it was quite excusable, in Mab's parents, not to think of the Gipsies, until it was too late.

Mary.— What do you mean?

Anna.— I mean that after they had enquired at almost every house for Florence, they first thought of the Gipsies. By this time it was midnight, and when they came to the encampment, not a trace of tents, wagons, Florence or Gipsies could be found.

Corinna.— And to make matters worse, a terrible storm set in, which prevented them making those diligent and speedy searches that could have been instituted under other circumstances.

Mary.— And Florence, you think, was carried off by the Gipsies?

Corinna.— There is no doubt of it.— And by this time she has probably learned dancing on a rope, balancing glasses in hoops, fortune telling, and other similar accomplishments.

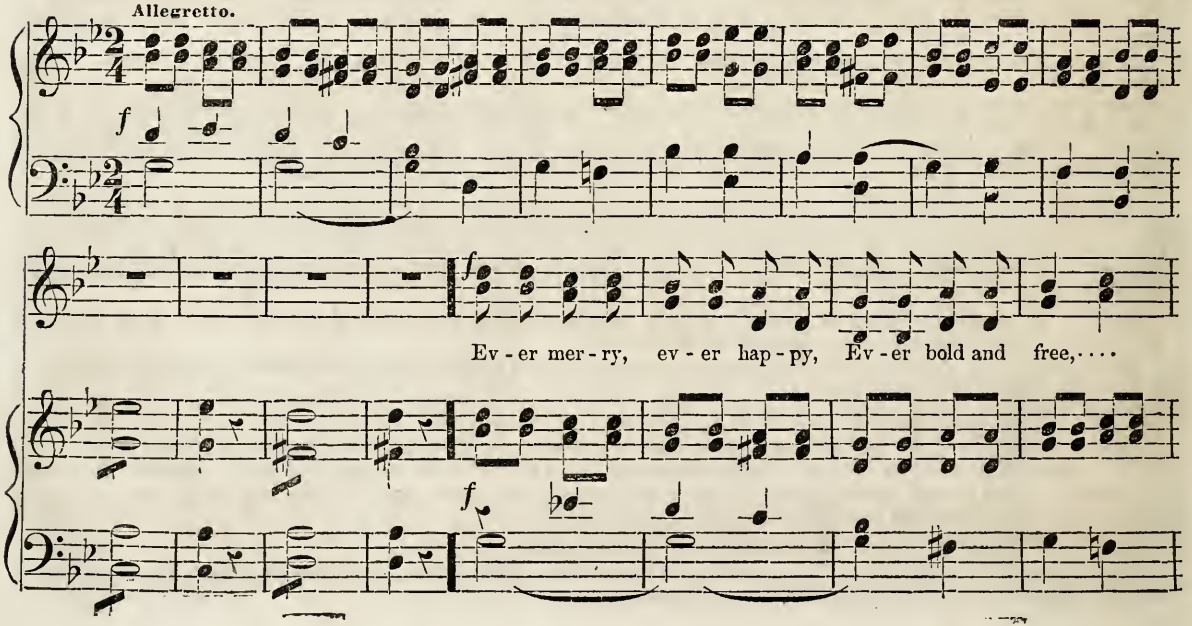
ANNA.— If she ever does come back again, I'll make her tell my fortune!

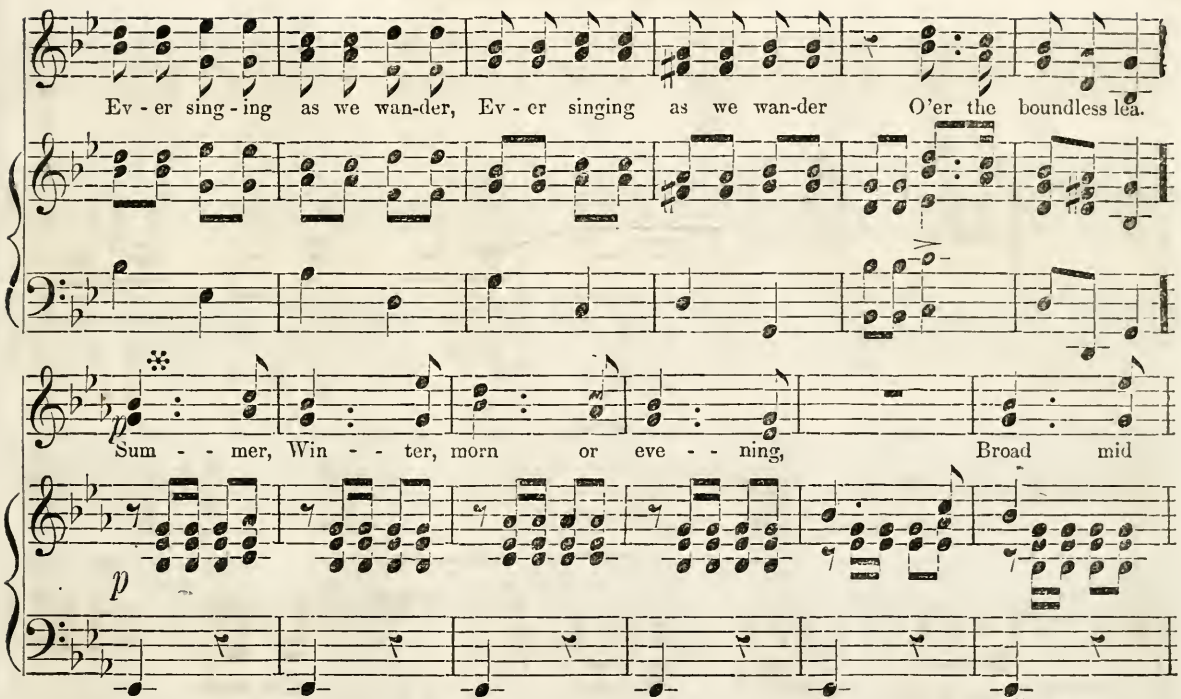
CORINNA.— Shame on you, to jest on such a serious matter!

MARY.— Oh, look there!— a perfect cavalcade of wagons and horses. Your story has so frightened me that I see a roving Gipsey in every traveller, and a band of kidnappers in every wagon with a cover.— Come, let us join the crowd.

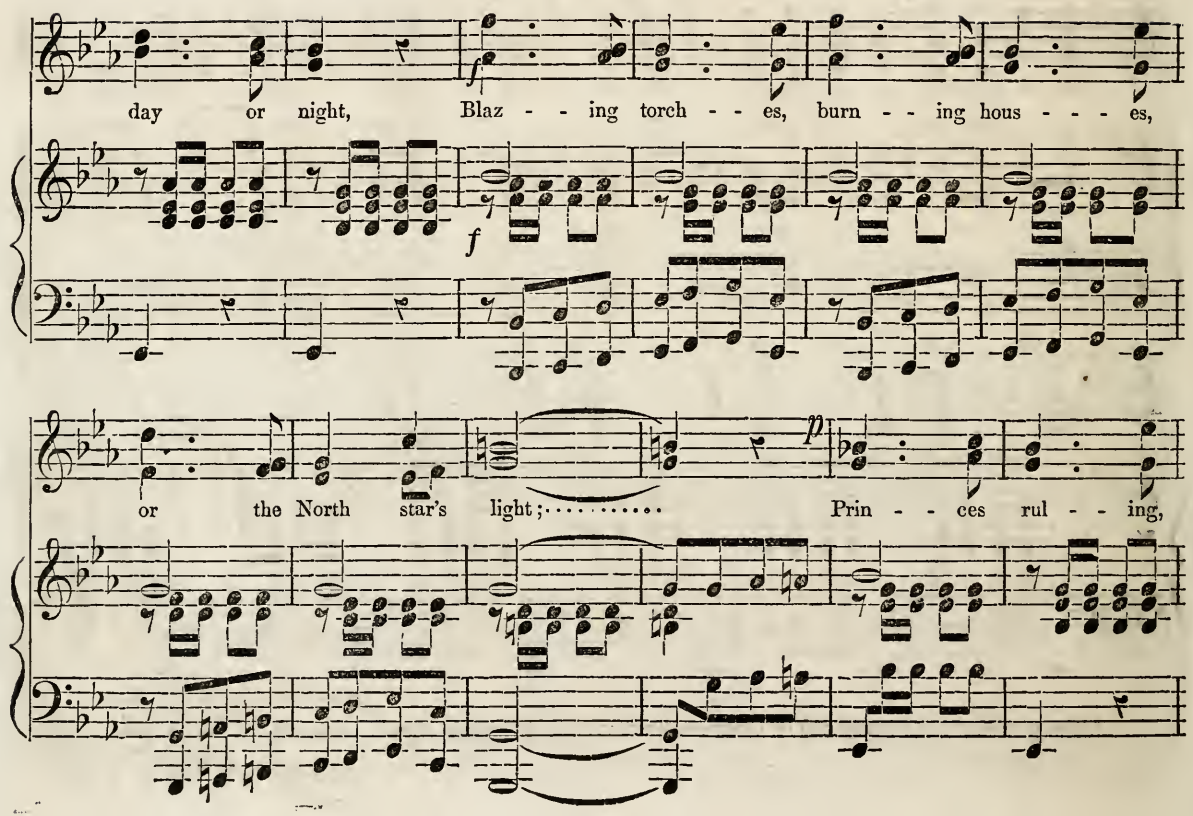
Exeunt Mary, Corinna, and Anna.

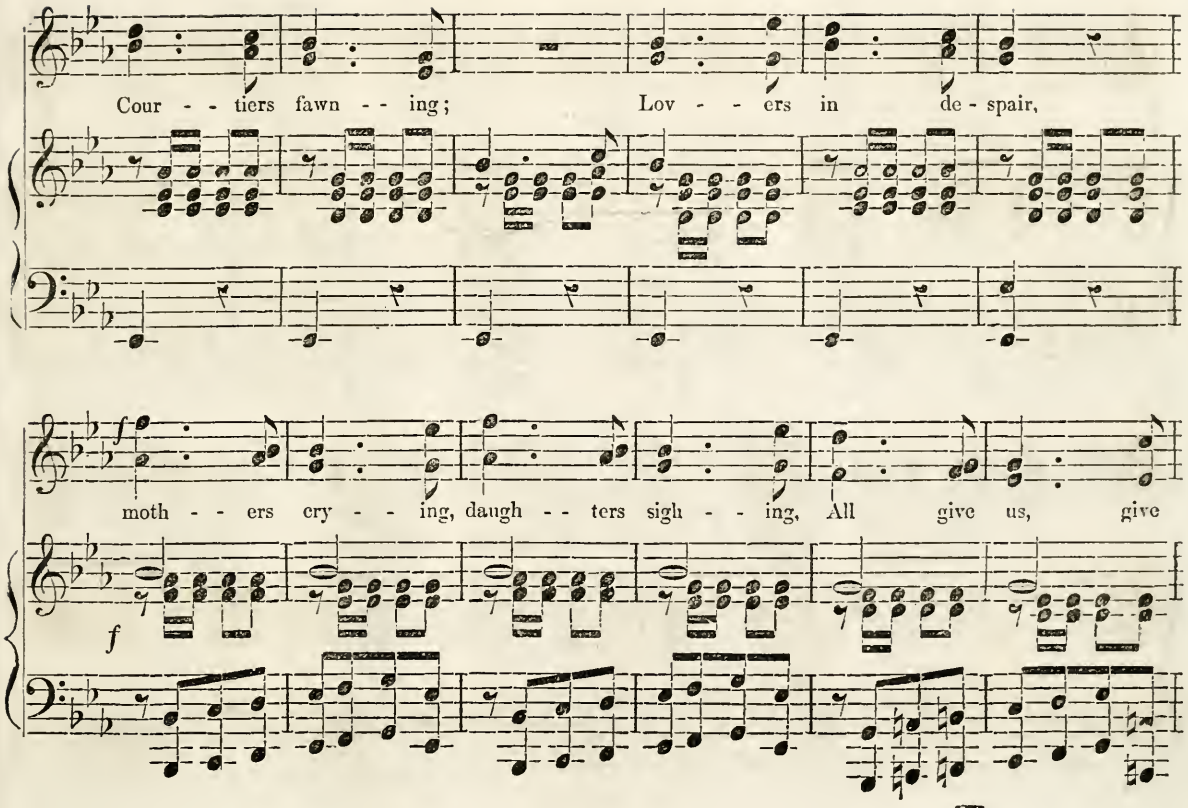
No. 3.—CHORUS of GIPSEYS.

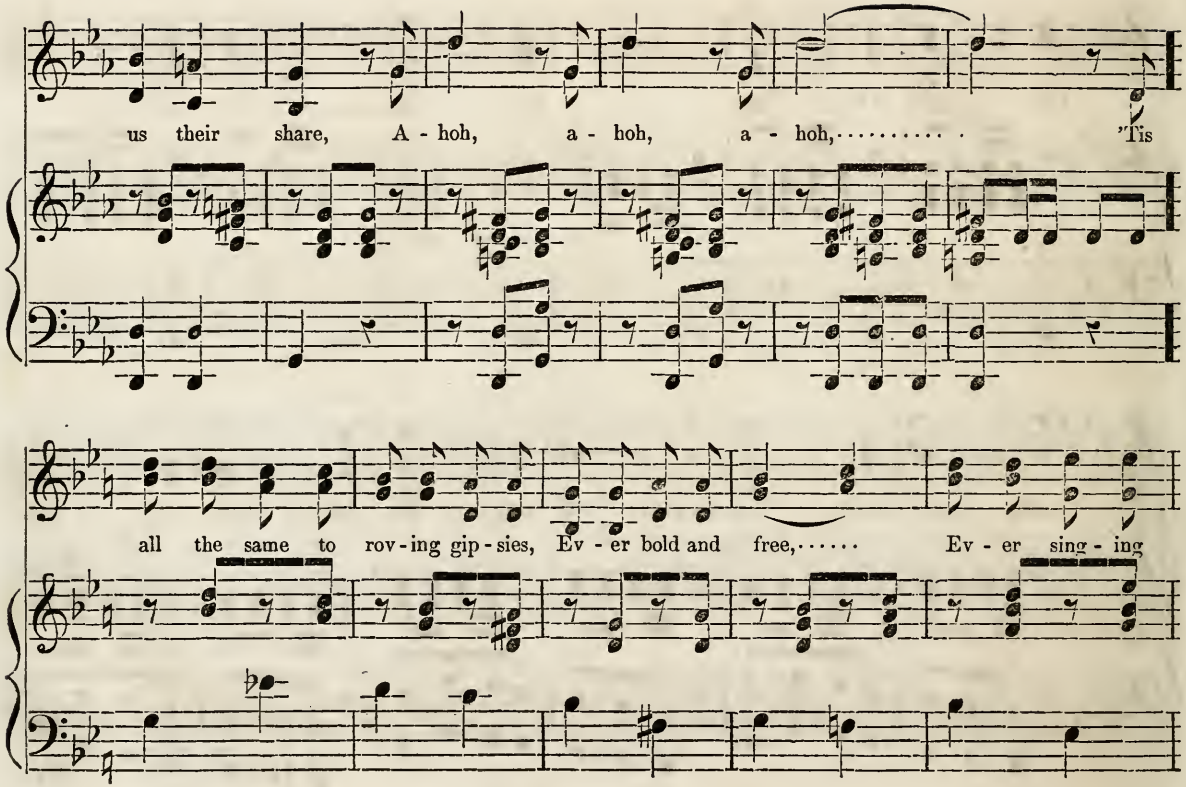


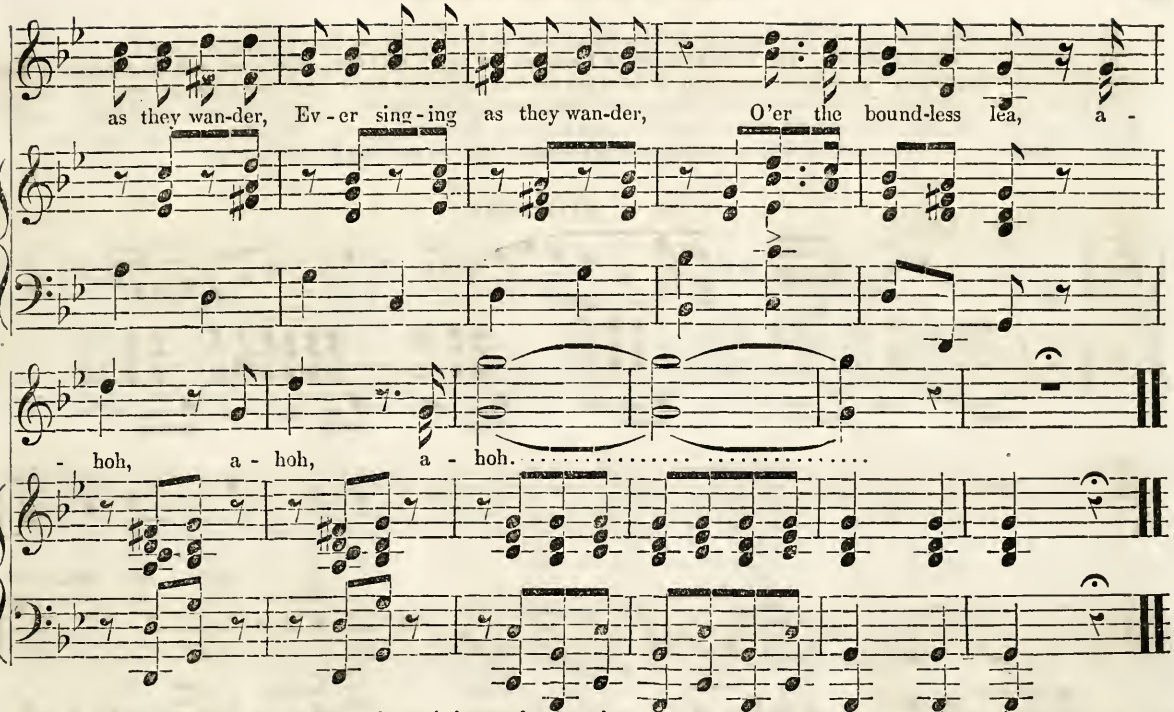


* This part should be accompanied by Castanets, Tambourine and Triangle, thus :


day or night, Blaz - - ing torch - - es, burn - - ing hous - - - es,
f
f
or the North star's light;..... Prin - - ces rul - - ing,
p


Cour - - tiers fawn - - ing; Lov - - ers in de - spair,
f
moth - - ers cry - - ing, daugh - - ters sigh - - ing, All give us, give
f


us their share, A - hoh, a - hoh, a - hoh,..... 'Tis
all the same to rov - ing gip - sies, Ev - er bold and free,..... Ev - er sing - ing



1ST GIPSEY.—*Lora*, do you know that this is not the first time we have struck our camp on this spot?

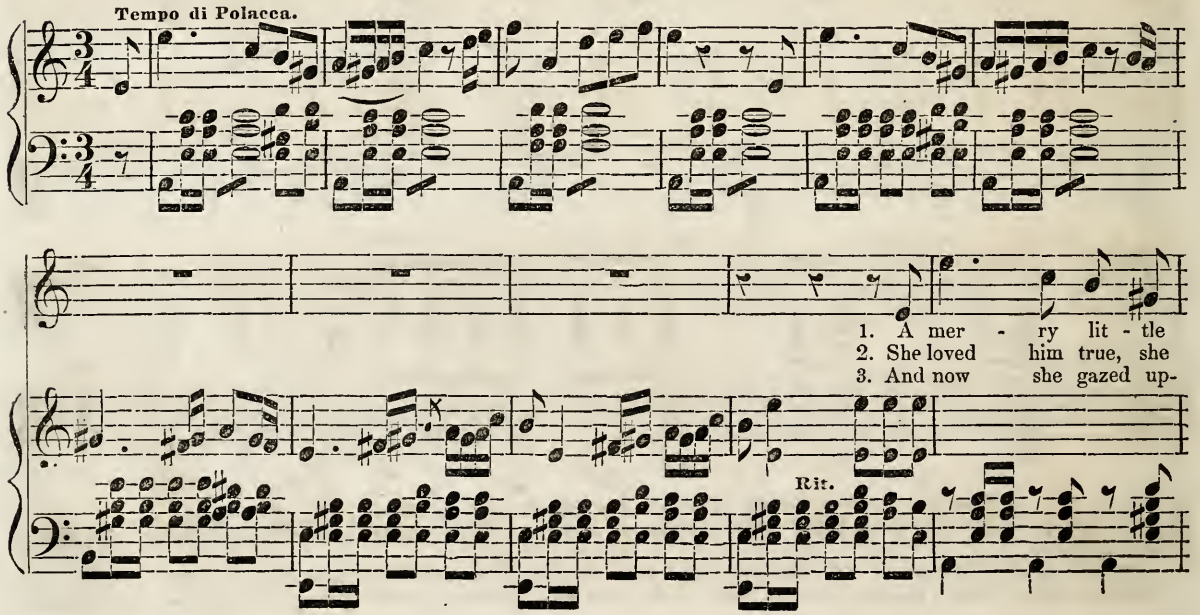
2D GIPSEY.—I well remember thrice twelve moons ago, when our band received an additional member in the form of our *Esmeralda*.

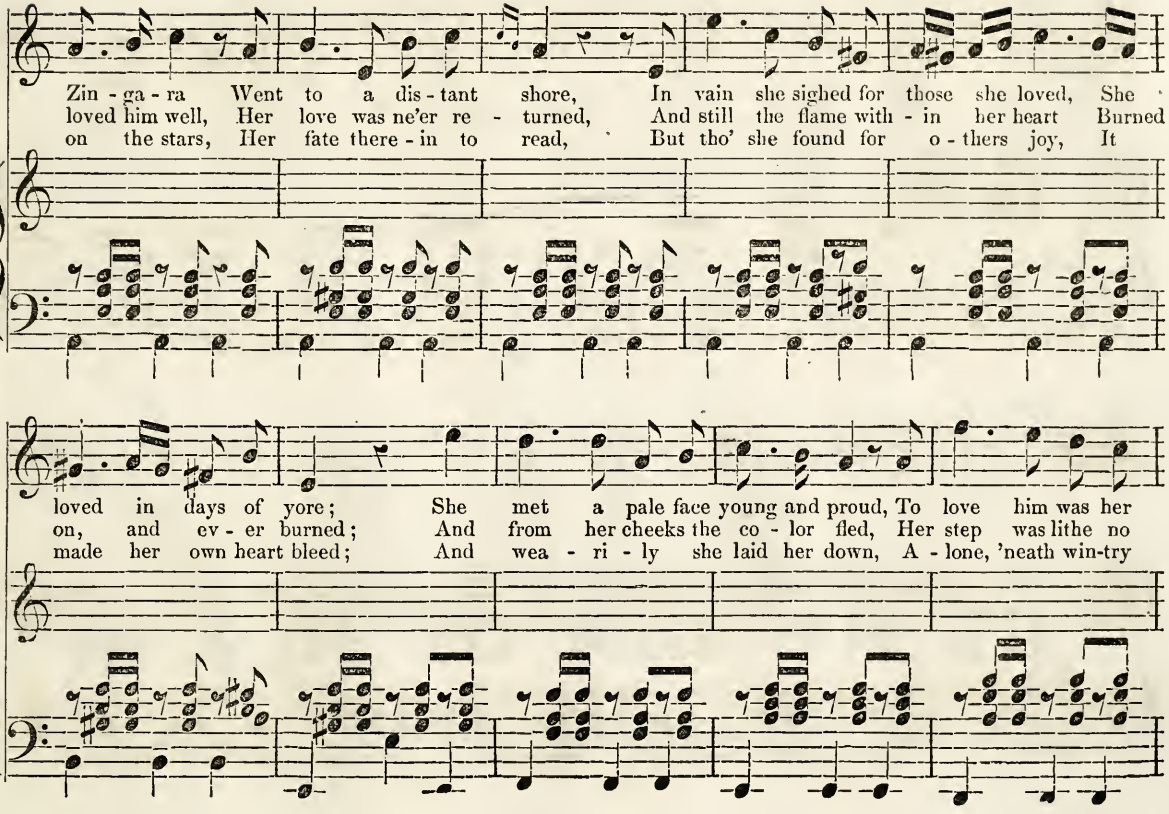
1ST GIPSEY.—And a good card she has proved to us in spite of her unwillingness to submit to our laws. Her performances always bring a perfect shower of silver coins, when even Preciosa cannot cut the purse-strings of the youngsters.

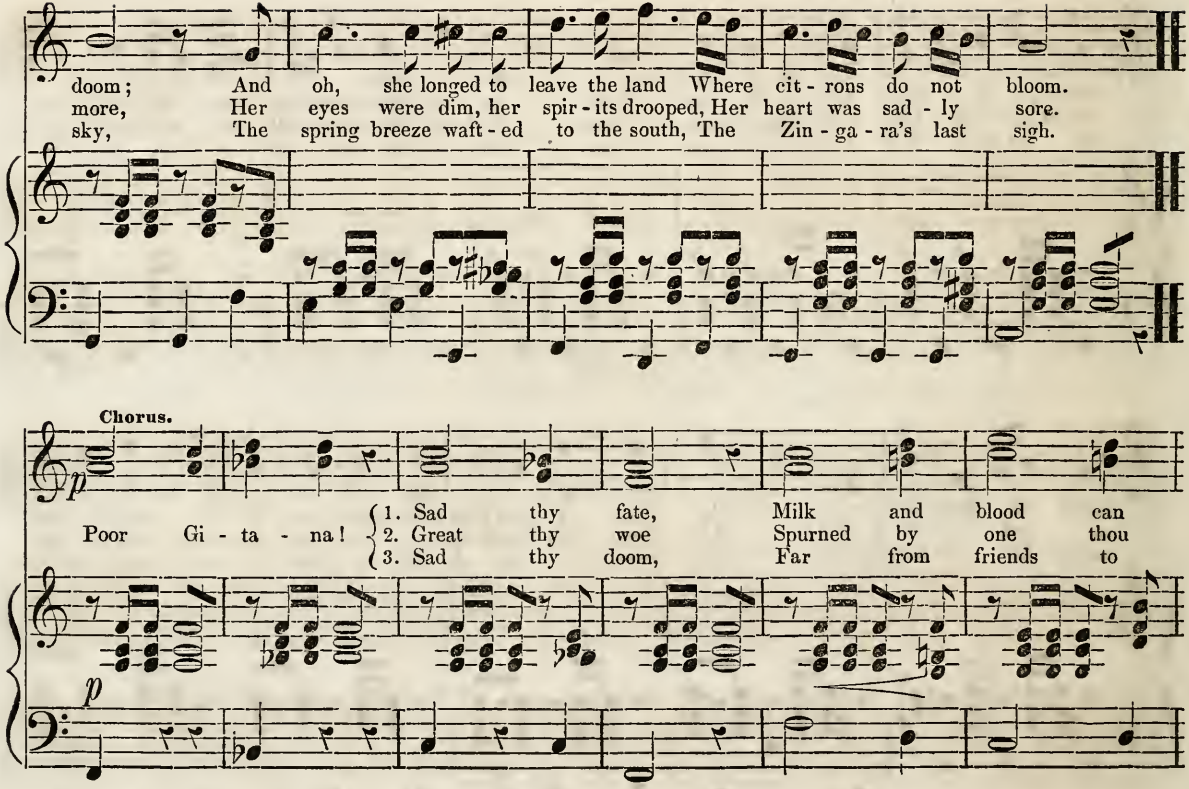
2D GIPSEY.—But have you no fear that she will be discovered by her friends, in this, her native place?

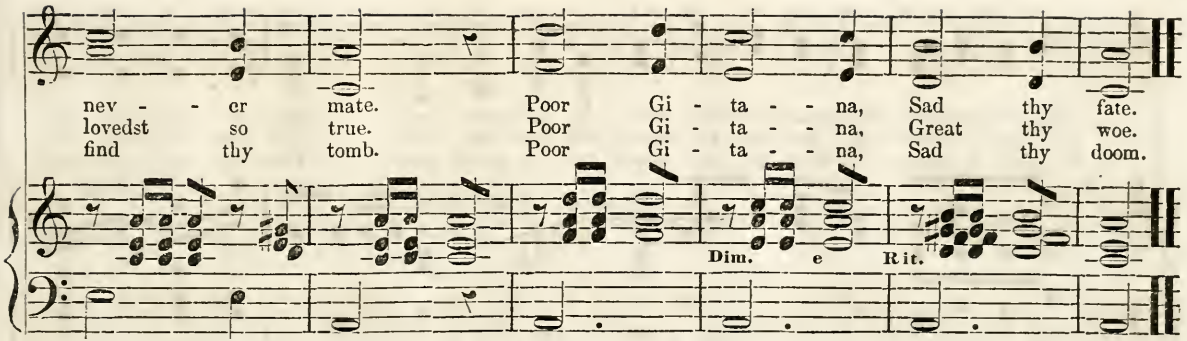
1ST GIPSEY.—I am not afraid. The juice with which I stained her hands and face, makes her look so complete a Zingara, that none suspect her; and she is too afraid of the whip ever to breathe a word about her home to any one. Moreover, I have taken the precaution to send her on to our next encampment, by a foot-path unknown to all but us, and in company of one with whom she cannot trifle. But it is best for us to be on our guard. Therefore another song, and then we must be going. Come, *Preciosa*, sing us your prettiest romance, and we will join in the chorus.

No. 4. ROMANZA.




Zin - ga - ra Went to a dis - tant shore, In vain she sighed for those she loved, She
loved him well, Her love was ne'er re - turned, And still the flame with - in her heart Burned
on the stars, Her fate there - in to read, But tho' she found for o - thers joy, It
loved in days of yore; She met a pale face young and proud, To love him was her
on, and ev - er burned; And from her cheeks the co - lor fled, Her step was lithe no
made her own heart bleed; And wea - ri - ly she laid her down, A - lone, 'neath win-try

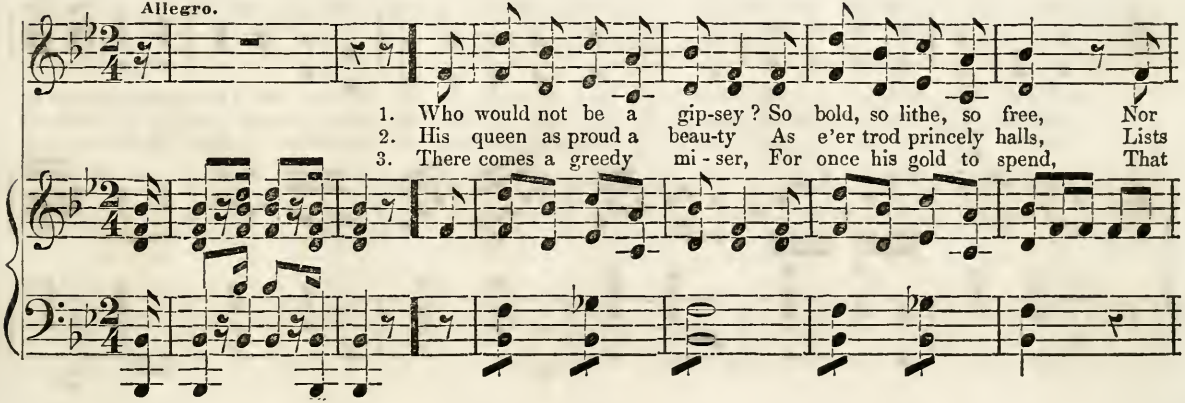

doom; And oh, she longed to leave the land Where cit - rons do not bloom.
more, Her eyes were dim, her spir - its drooped, Her heart was sad - ly sore.
sky, The spring breeze waft - ed to the south, The Zin - ga - ra's last sigh.
Chorus.
p
Poor Gi - ta - na!
1. Sad thy fate, Milk and blood can
2. Great thy woe Spurned by one thou
3. Sad thy doom, Far from friends to
p

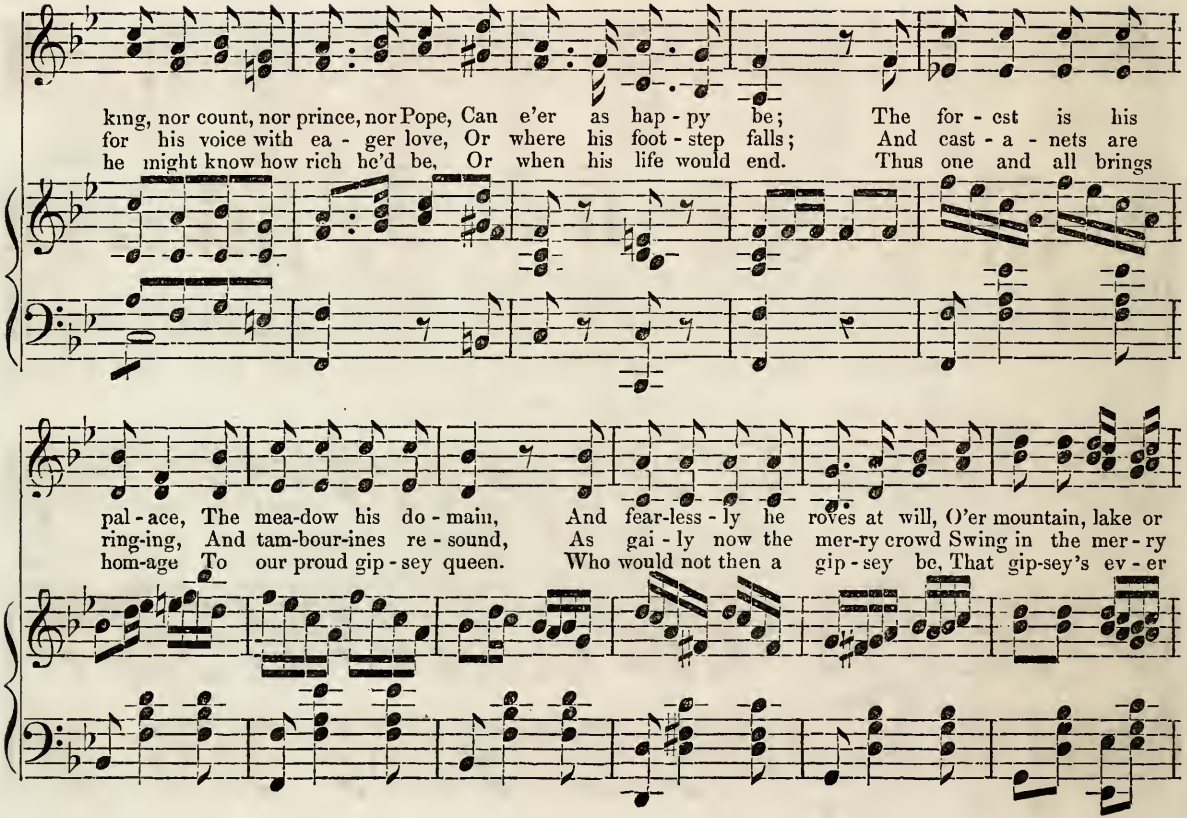


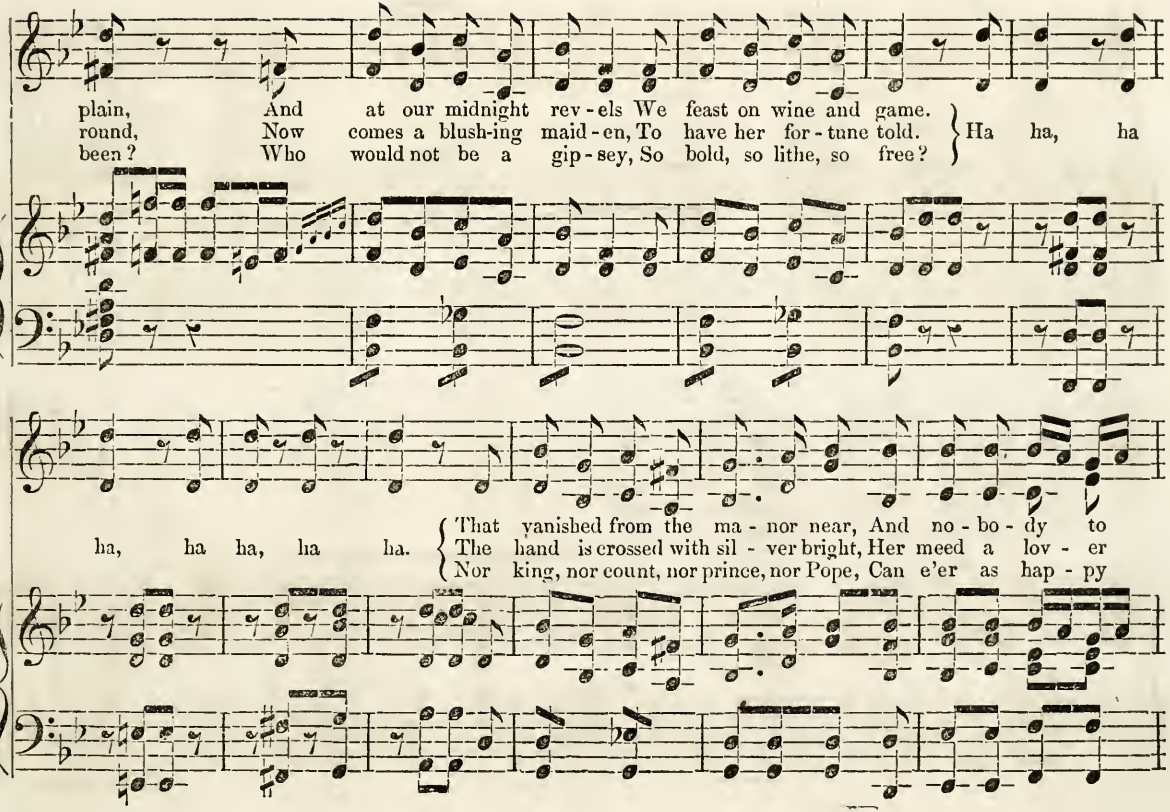
1ST GIPSEY.—Thy romance has made us sad. We must needs have another song to cheer us up. What say you to a merry song?

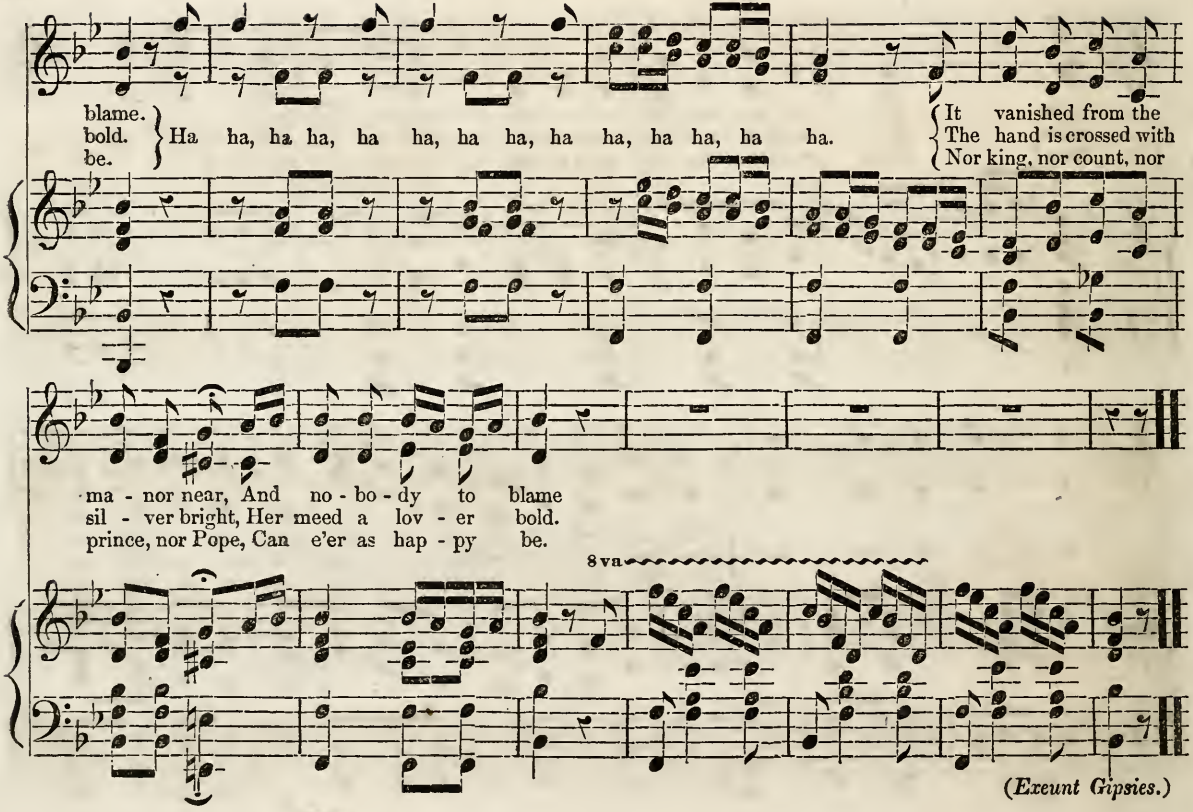
ALL.—Oh yes, let us have one!

No. 5.—CHORUS OF GIPSEYS.



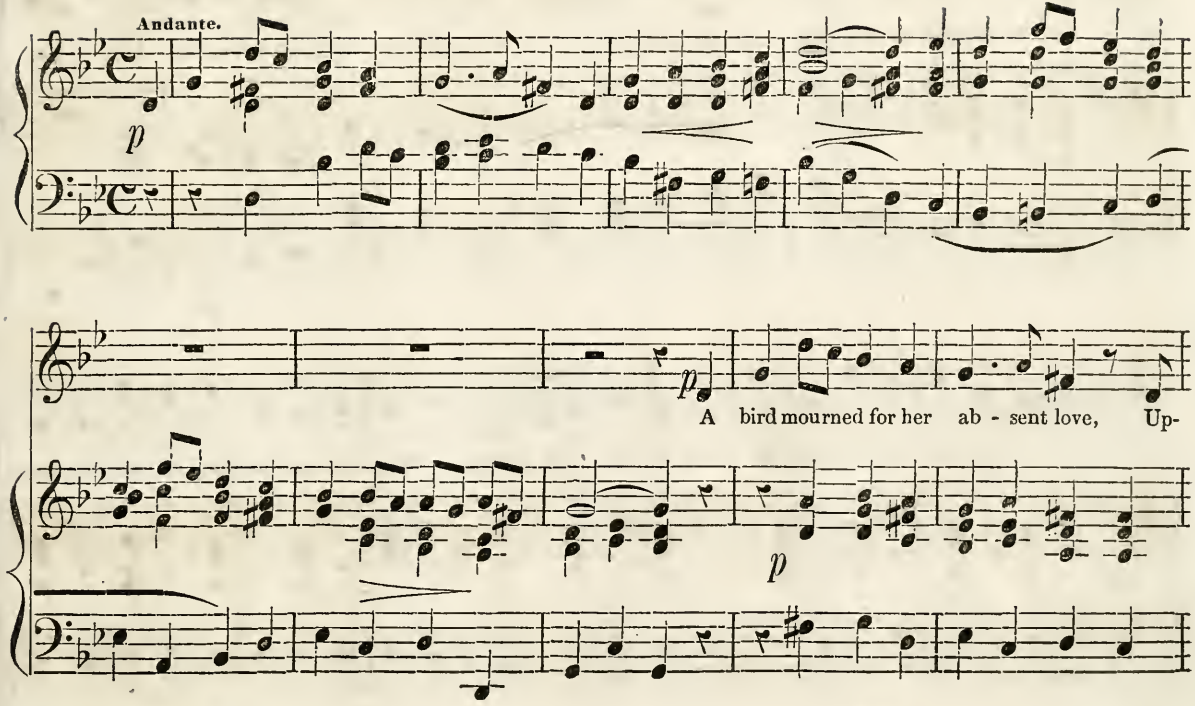

king, nor count, nor prince, nor Pope, Can e'er as hap - py be; The for - est is his
for his voice with ea - ger love, Or where his foot - step falls; And cast - a - nets are
he might know how rich he'd be, Or when his life would end. Thus one and all brings
pal - ace, The mea-dow his do - main, And fear-less - ly he roves at will, O'er mountain, lake or
ring-ing, And tam-bour-ines re - sound, As gai - ly now the mer-ry crowd Swing in the mer - ry
hom-age To our proud gip - sey queen. Who would not then a gip - sey be, That gip-sey's ev - er

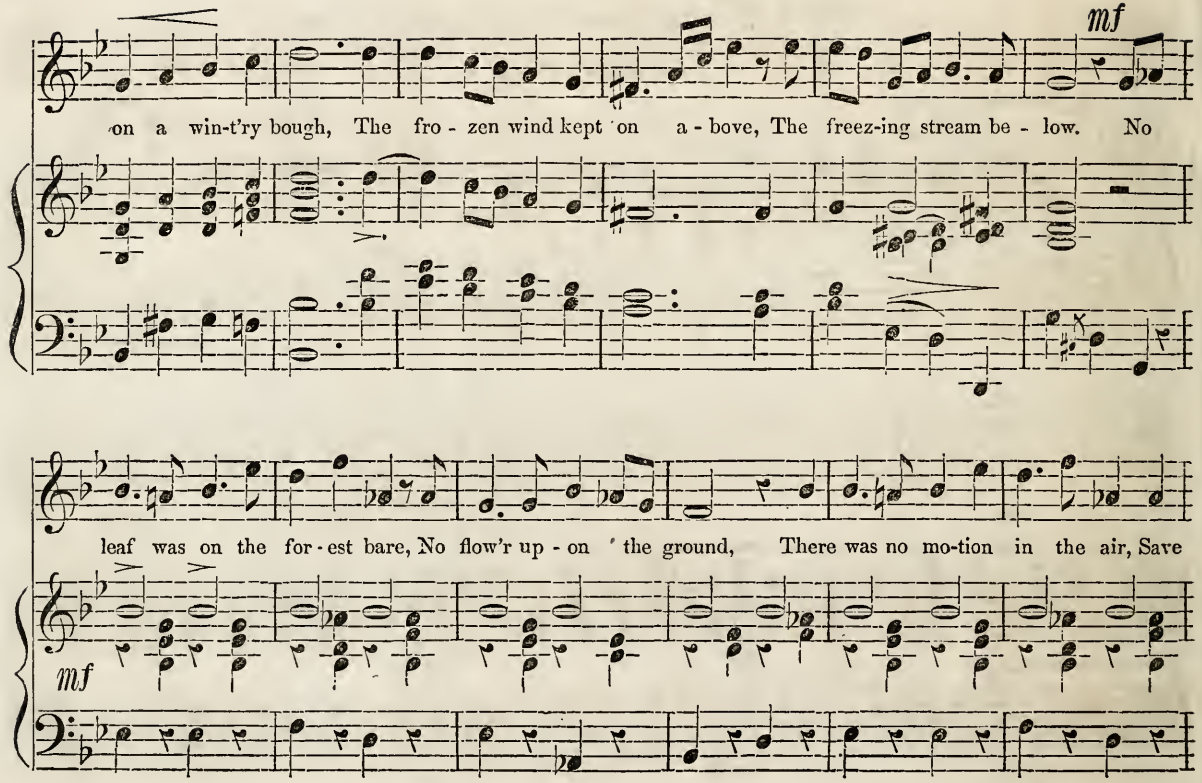

plain, And at our midnight rev-els We feast on wine and game.
round, Now comes a blush-ing maid-en, To have her for-tune told.
been? Who would not be a gip-sey, So bold, so lithe, so free?
Ha ha, ha
ha, ha ha, ha ha.
That vanished from the ma-nor near, And no-bo-dy to
The hand is crossed with sil-ver bright, Her meed a lov-er
Nor king, nor count, nor prince, nor Pope, Can e'er as hap-py

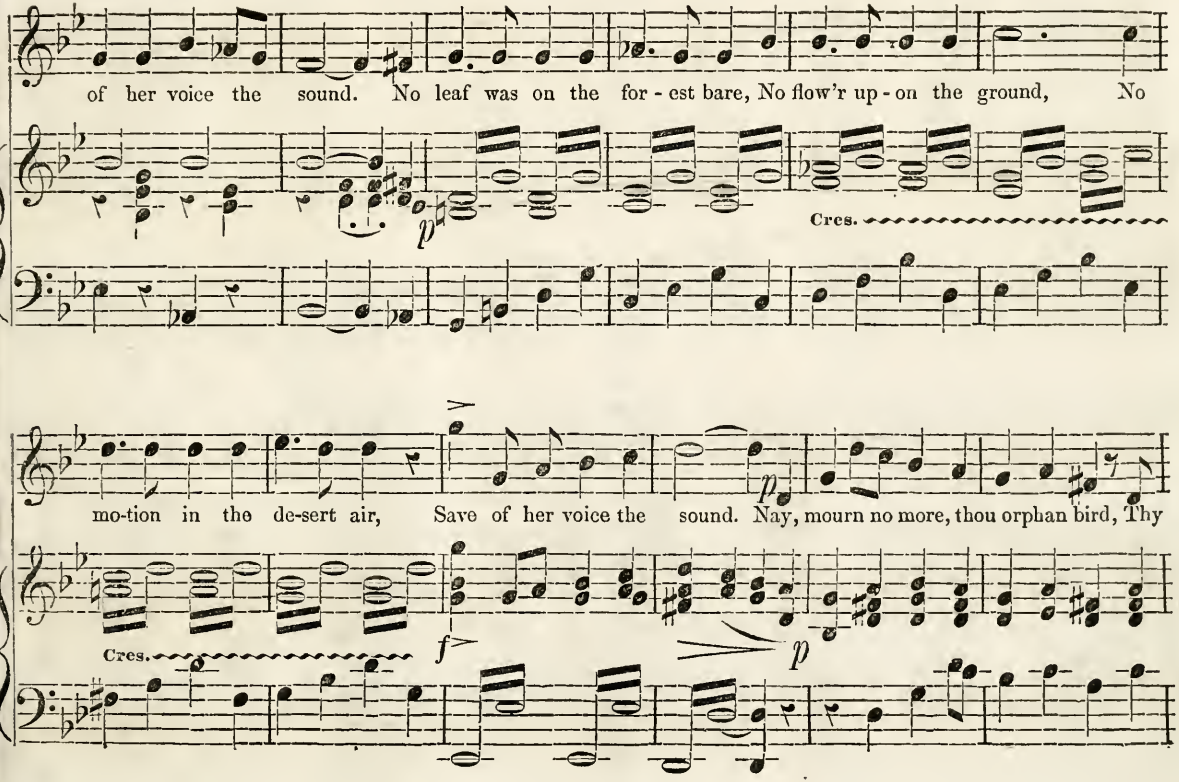

blame.
bold.
be.
Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha.
It vanished from the
The hand is crossed with
Nor king, nor count, nor
ma - nor near, And no - bo - dy to blame
sil - ver bright, Her meed a lov - er bold.
prince, nor Pope, Can e'er as hap - py be.
8va
(Exeunt Gipsies.)

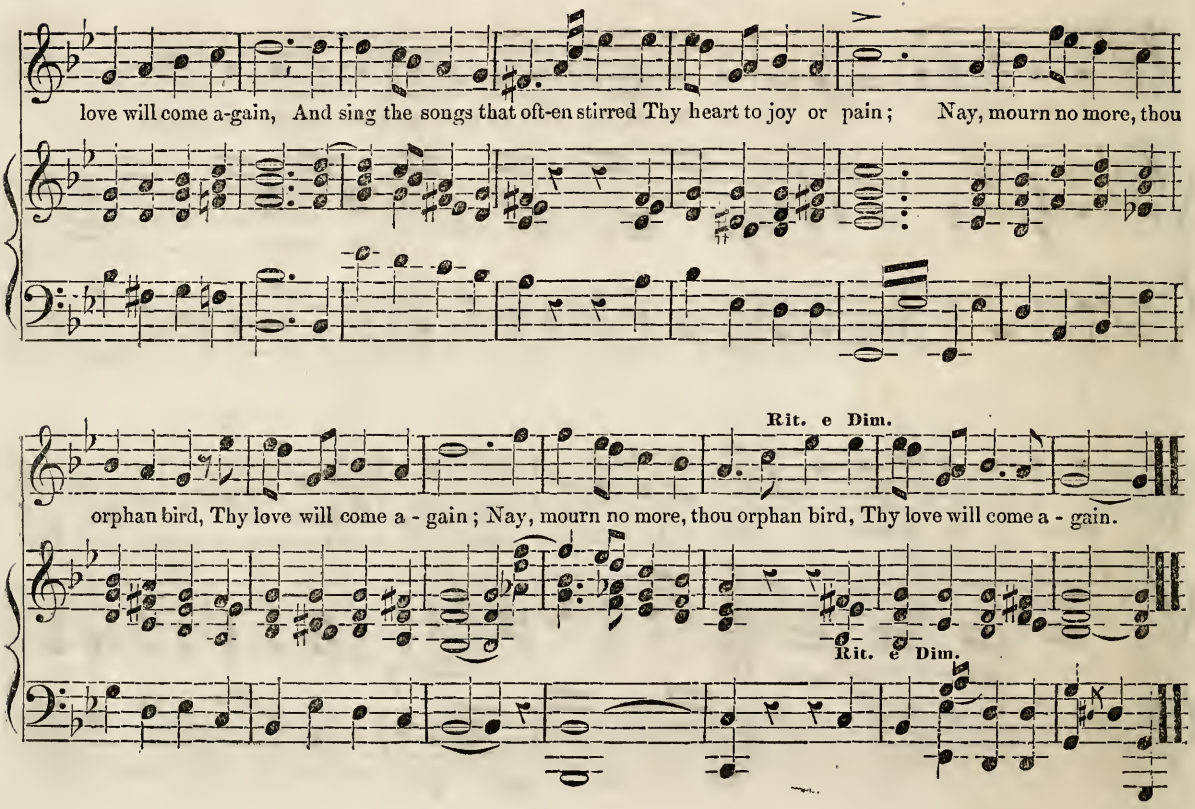
SCENE IV.—Enter FLORENCE, with Mandoline in hand.

No. 6—ROMANZA.




mf
on a win-t'ry bough, The fro - zen wind kept on a - bove, The freez-ing stream be - low. No
leaf was on the for - est bare, No flow'r up - on the ground, There was no mo-tion in the air, Save
mf

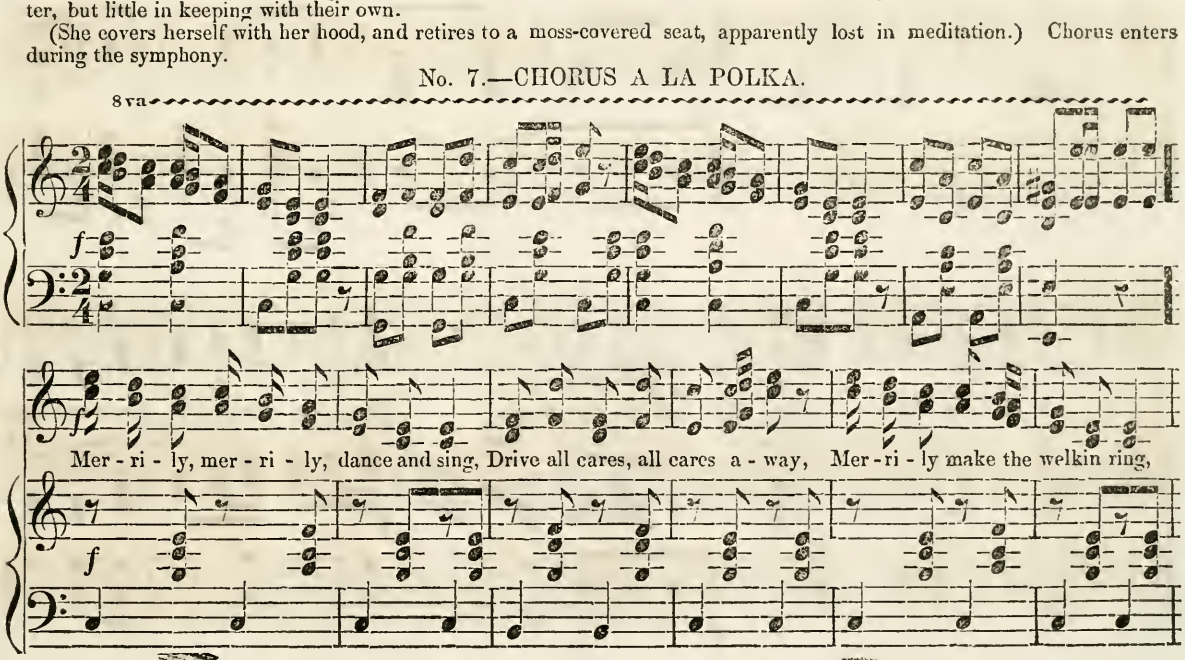

of her voice the sound. No leaf was on the for - est bare, No flow'r up - on the ground, No
p
Cres.
mo-tion in the de-sert air, Save of her voice the sound. Nay, mourn no more, thou orphan bird, Thy
p
Cres.
f
p

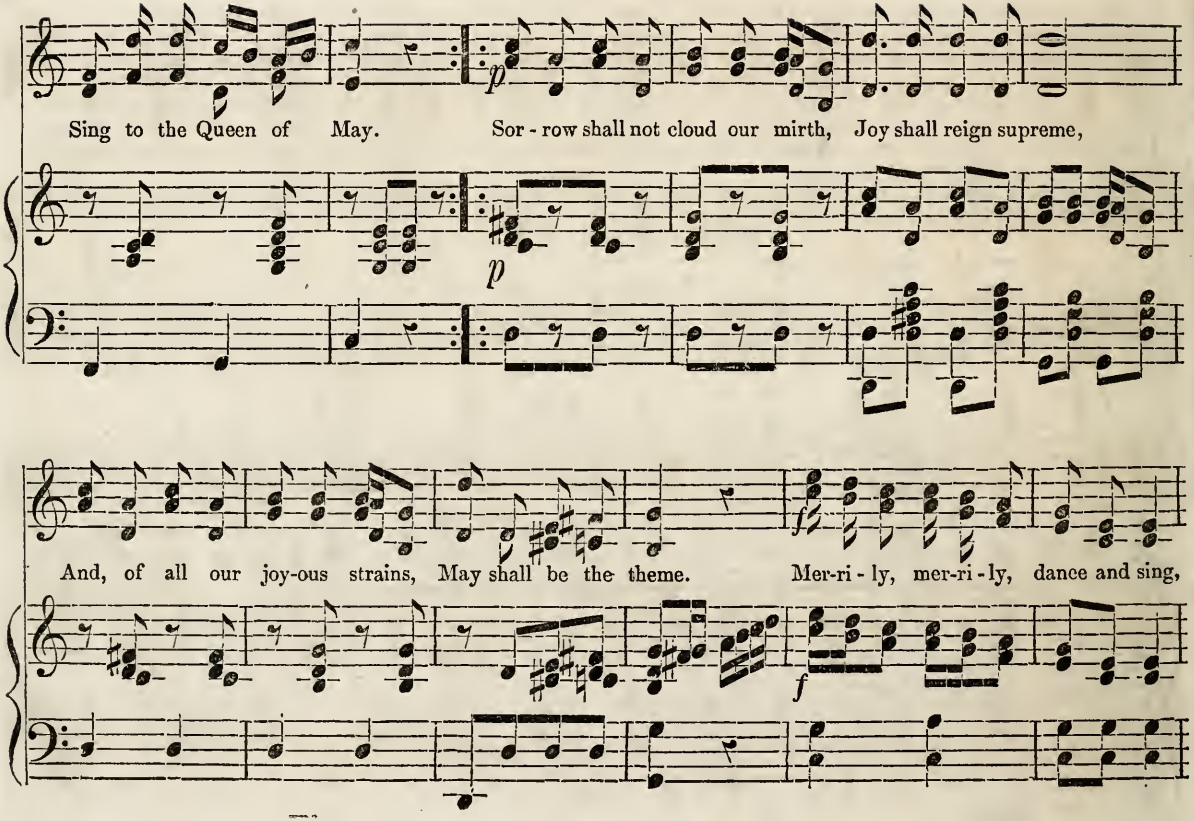

love will come a-gain, And sing the songs that oft-en stirred Thy heart to joy or pain; Nay, mourn no more, thou
Rit. e Dim.
orphan bird, Thy love will come a - gain; Nay, mourn no more, thou orphan bird, Thy love will come a - gain.
Rit. e Dim.

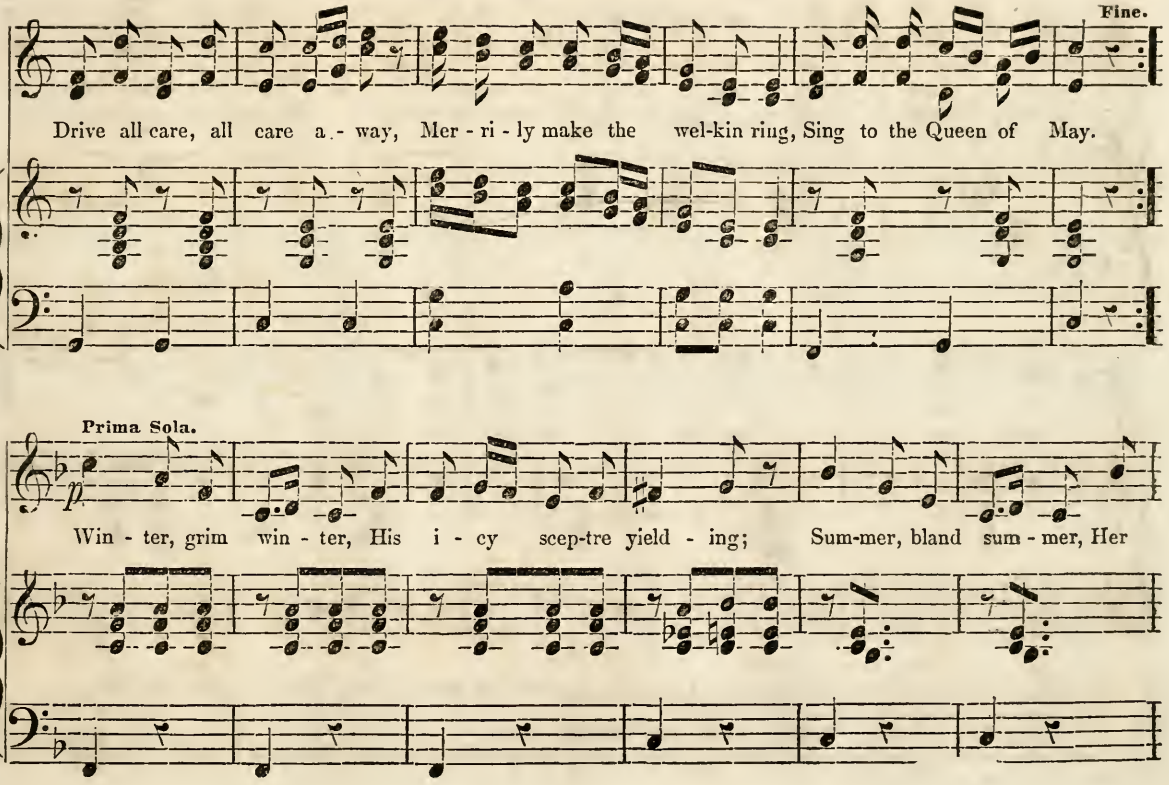
There is something so strange in that song that it haunts me wherever I go—and at the same time it affords me a consolation that does not fail me in my hardest trials. But those trials, I trust, will soon be over. It was Providence who induced my tyrants to take me past this village, on an almost unknown path. And it was Providence that led me, in my youthful rambles, to those sacred nooks and corners, where it was comparatively easy for me to give my swarthy jailor the slip. Ah! my heart is almost bursting with joy! What will father and mother say, when the little Gipsey knocks at their door, asking for alms, which, if they but knew—they would be but too glad to squander. But here come some old friends; I wonder whether they will recognise me in this disguise? Now I must test their friendship a little, and assume a character, but little in keeping with their own.

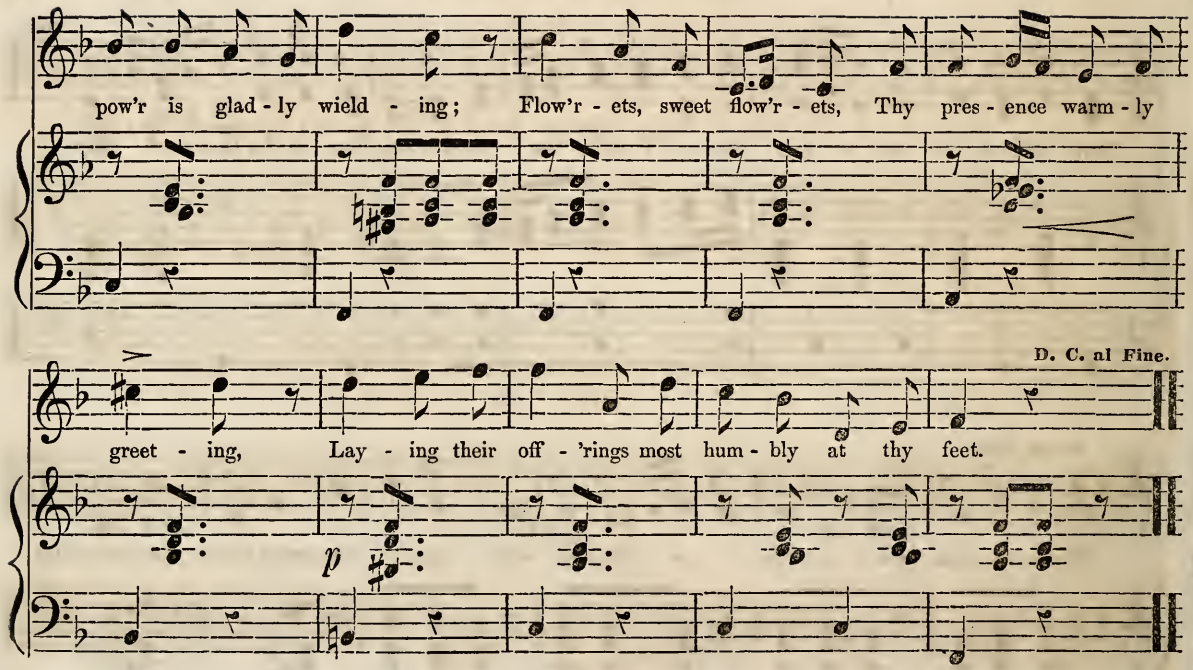
(She covers herself with her hood, and retires to a moss-covered seat, apparently lost in meditation.) Chorus enters during the symphony.

No. 7.—CHORUS A LA POLKA.




Sing to the Queen of May.
Sor - row shall not cloud our mirth, Joy shall reign supreme,
p
p
And, of all our joy-ous strains, May shall be the theme.
Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, dance and sing,
f
f


Fine.
Drive all care, all care a - way, Mer - ri - ly make the wel-kin ring, Sing to the Queen of May.
Prima Sola.
p
Win - ter, grim win - ter, His i - cy scep-tre yield - ing; Sum-mer, bland sum - mer, Her



1ST GIRL.—But whom have we here?

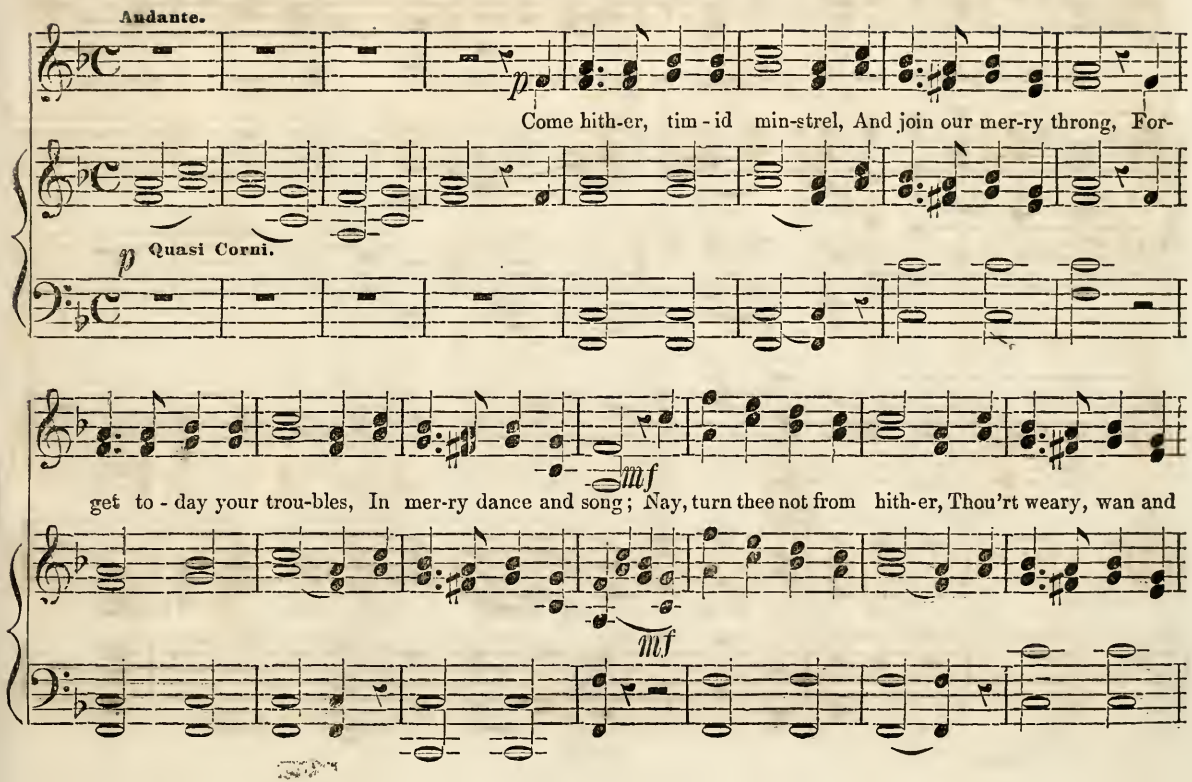
2D GIRL.—Some wandering ballad-singer, I should judge, who has come to bring her mite to our May-feast.

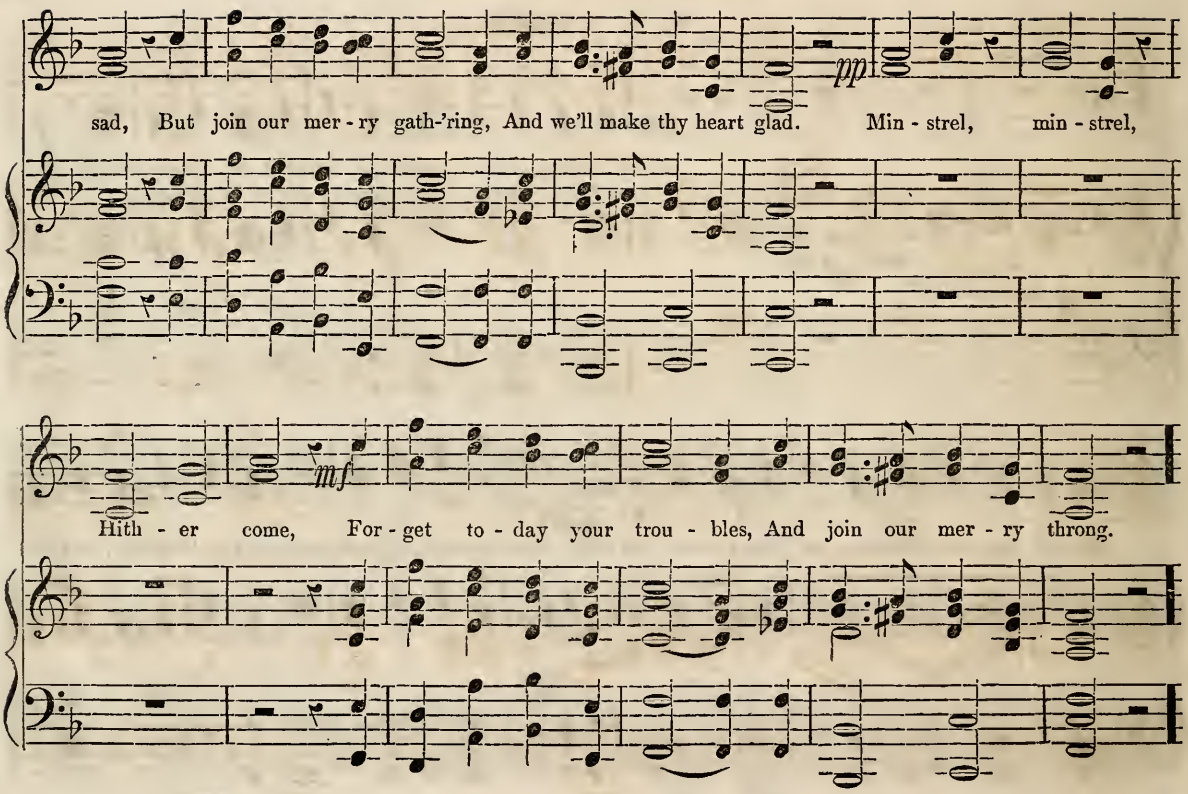
1ST GIRL.—How sad she looks, and wearied.

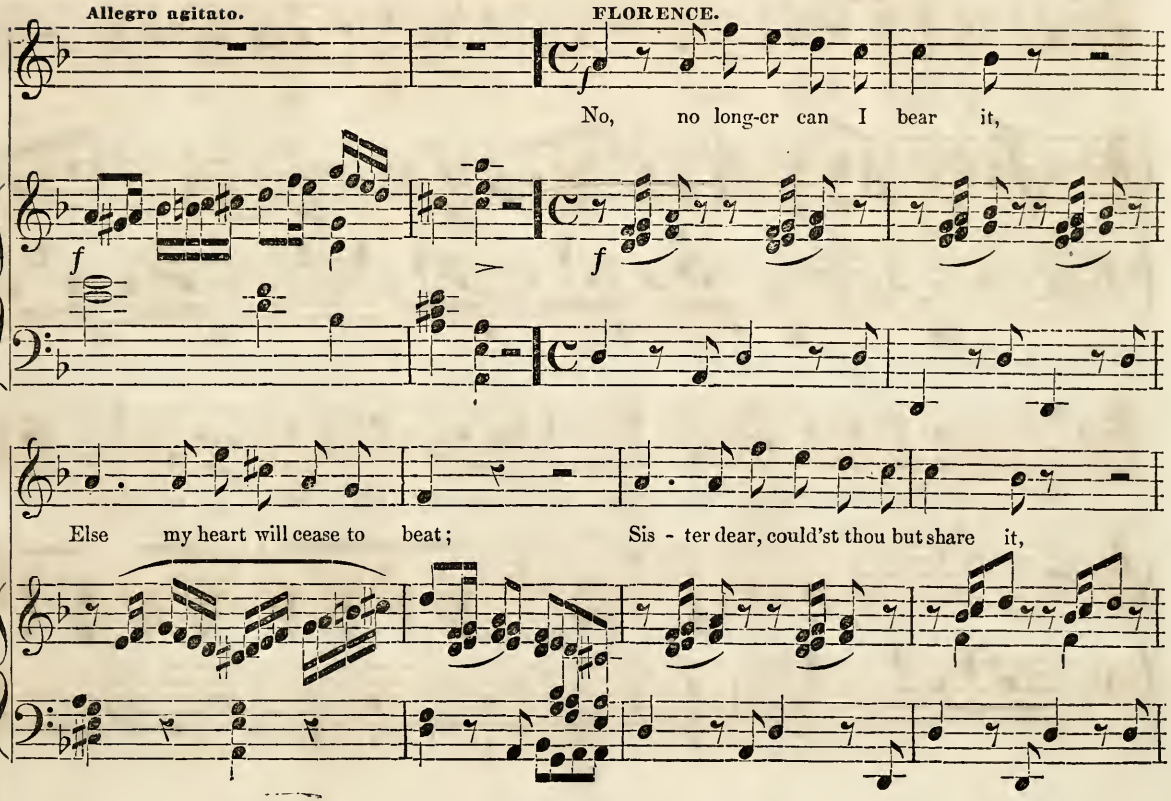
2D GIRL.—She is probably thinking of home and distant friends.

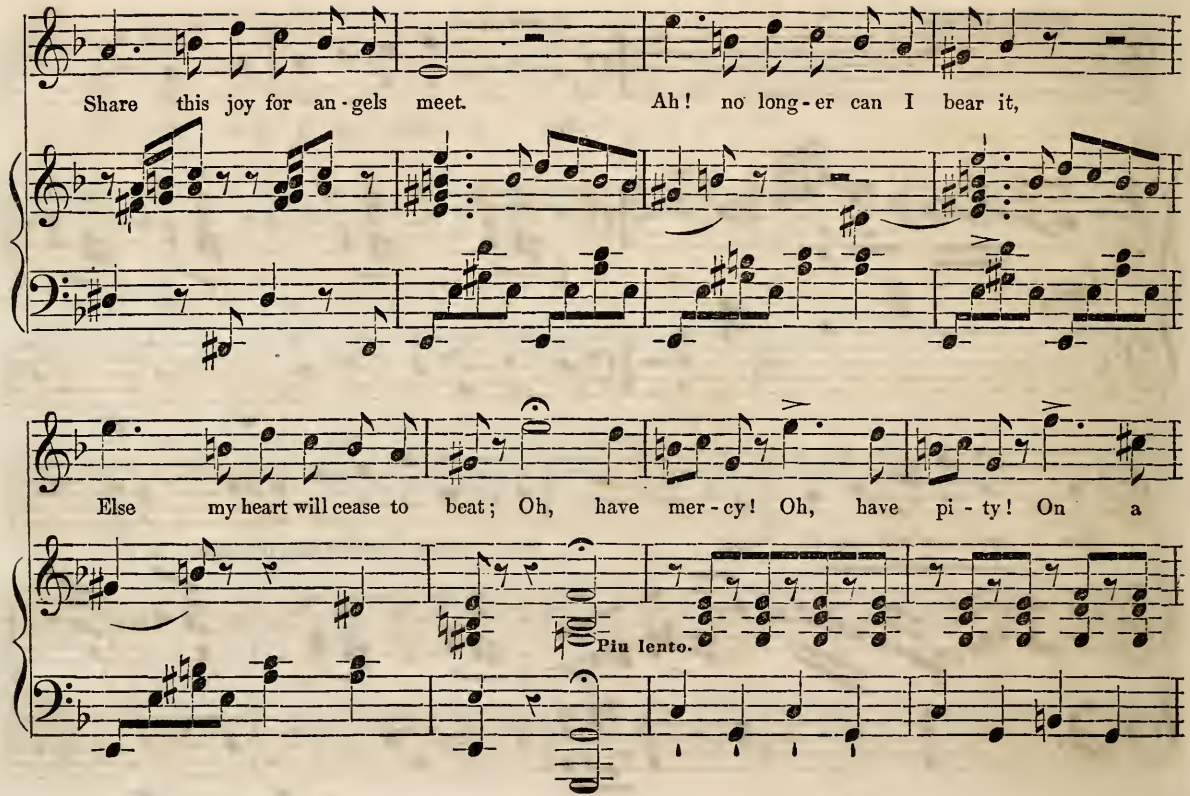
1ST GIRL.—How it jars upon one's feelings, to encounter in the midst of joyous festivities, a scene of squalid misery Come, let us ask her to join us.

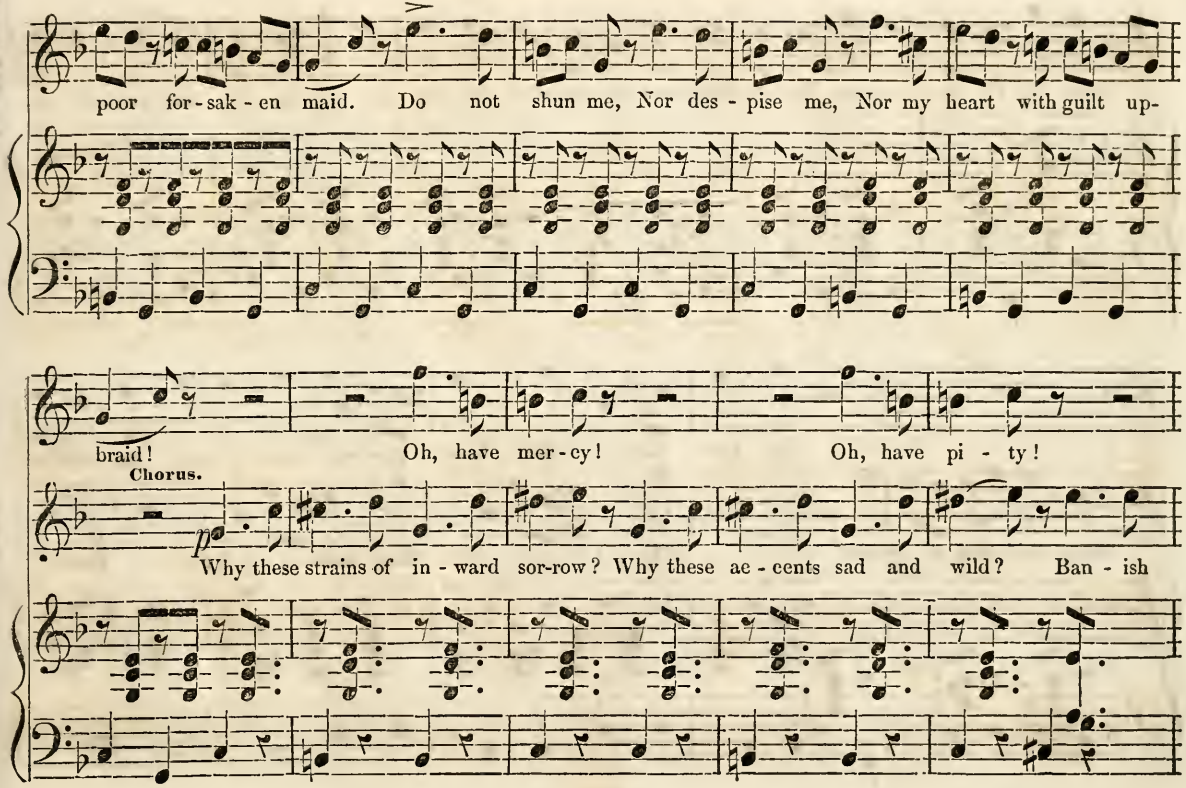
No. 8. CHORUS.

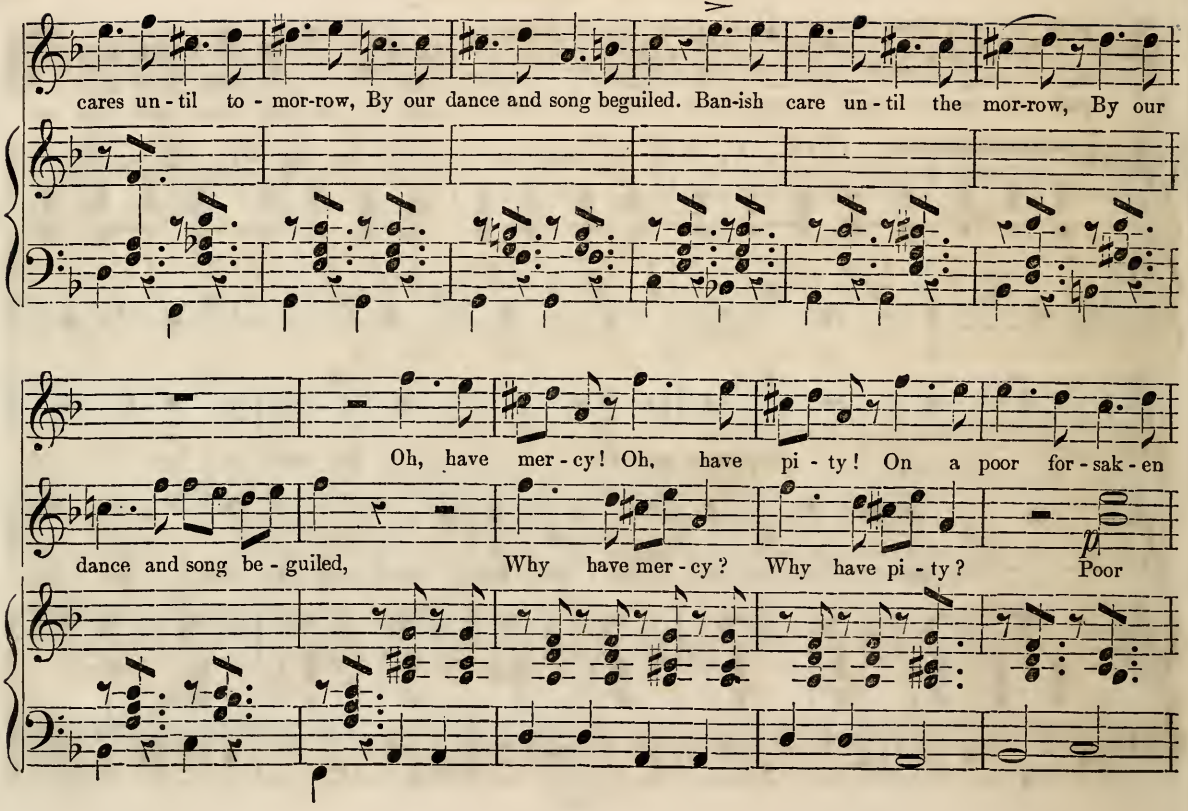

Andante.
p
Come hith-er, tim - id min-strel, And join our mer-ry throng, For-
p Quasi Corni.
mf
get to - day your trou-bles, In mer-ry dance and song; Nay, turn thee not from hith-er, Thou'rt weary, wan and
mf

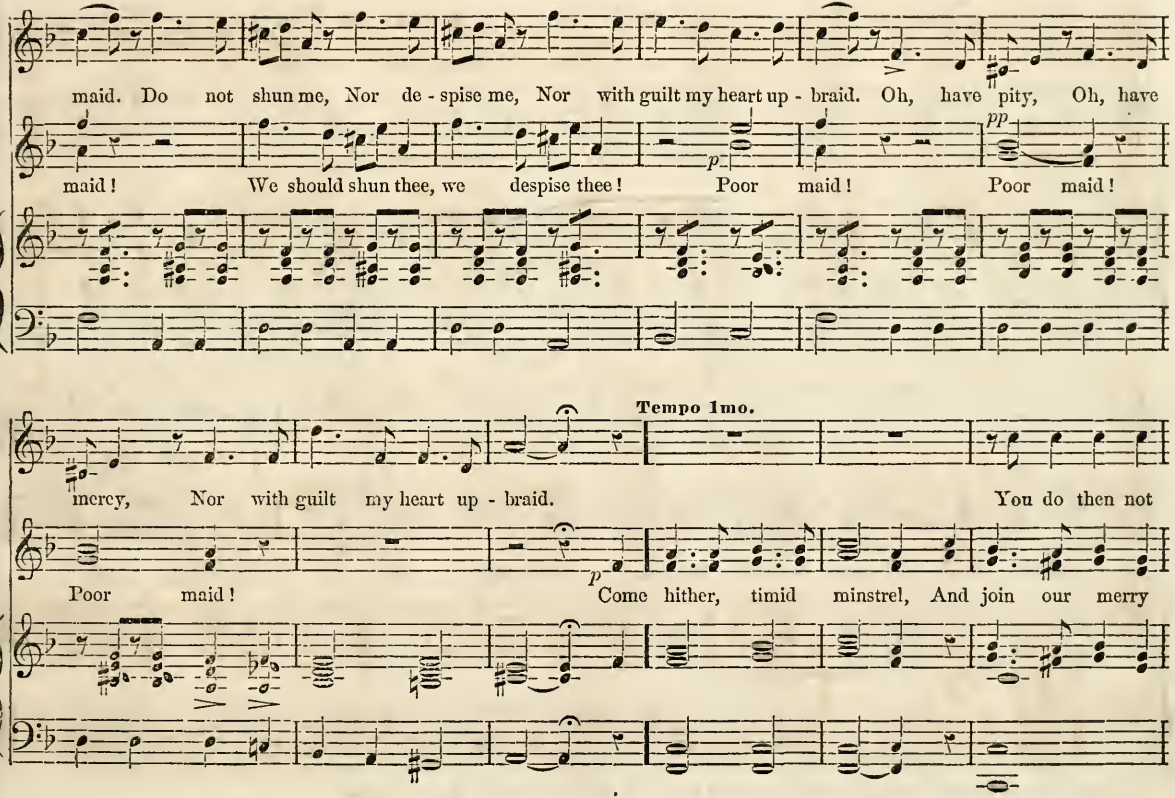

sad, But join our mer - ry gath-'ring, And we'll make thy heart glad. Min - strel, min - strel,
pp
Hith - er come, For - get to - day your trou - bles, And join our mer - ry throng.
mf

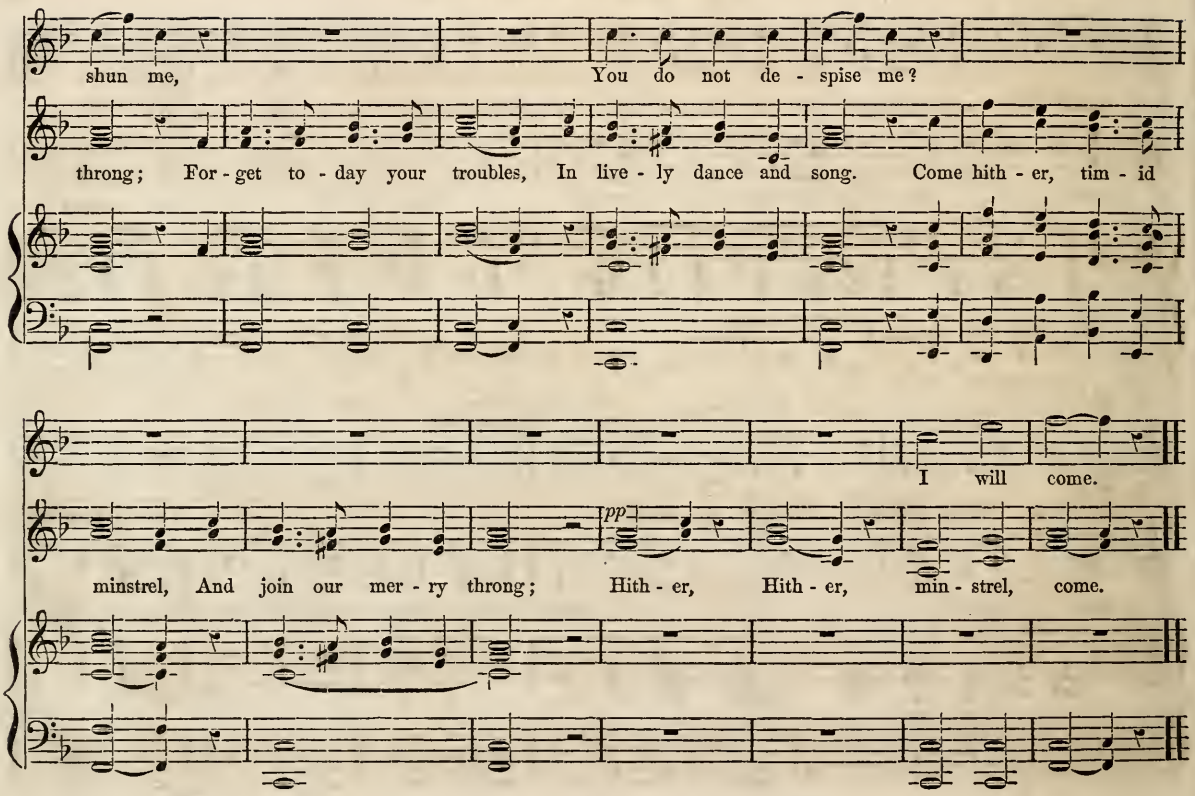

Allegro agitato.
FLORENCE.
No, no long-er can I bear it,
Else my heart will cease to beat;
Sis - ter dear, could'st thou but share it,


Share this joy for an-gels meet.
Ah! no long-er can I bear it,
Else my heart will cease to beat; Oh, have mer-cy! Oh, have pi-ty! On a
Piu lento.


poor for-sak-en maid. Do not shun me, Nor des-pise me, Nor my heart with guilt up-
braid! Oh, have mer-cy! Oh, have pi-ty!
Chorus.
p
Why these strains of in-ward sor-row? Why these ac-cents sad and wild? Ban-ish


cares un - til to - mor-row, By our dance and song beguiled. Ban-ish care un - til the mor-row, By our
Oh, have mer - cy! Oh, have pi - ty! On a poor for - sak - en
dance and song be - guiled, Why have mer - cy? Why have pi - ty? Poor

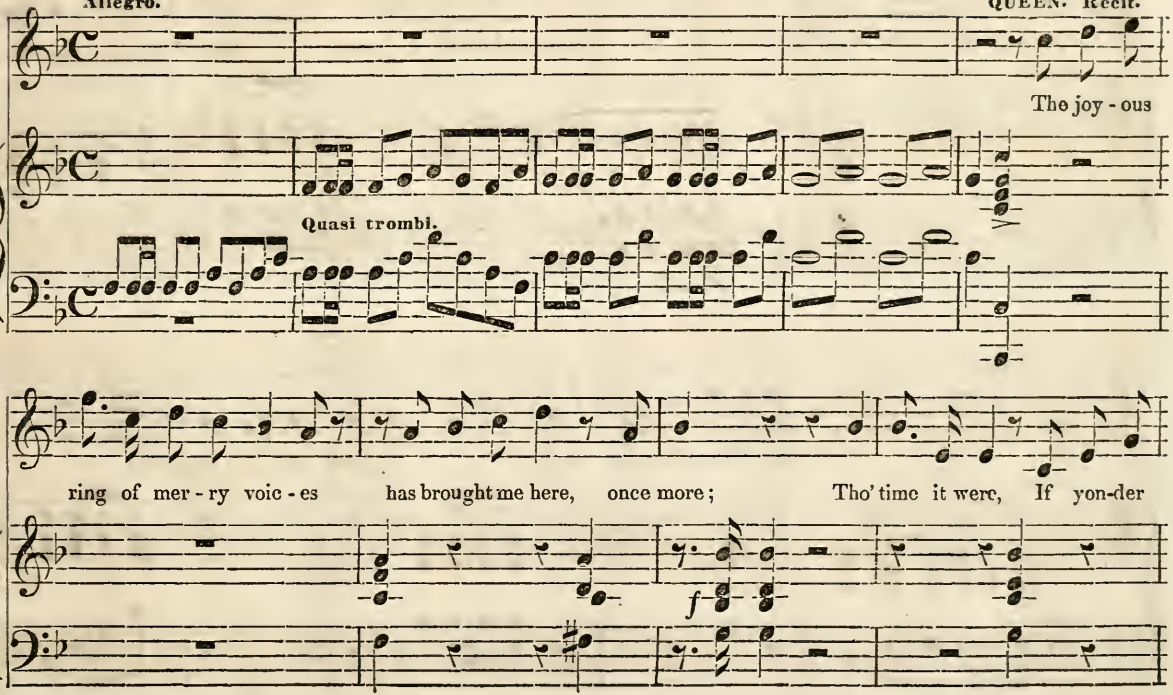

maid. Do not shun me, Nor de - spise me, Nor with guilt my heart up - braid. Oh, have pity, Oh, have
maid! We should shun thee, we despise thee! Poor maid! Poor maid!
pp
p
Tempo 1mo.
mercy, Nor with guilt my heart up - braid. You do then not
Poor maid! Come hither, timid minstrel, And join our merry
p

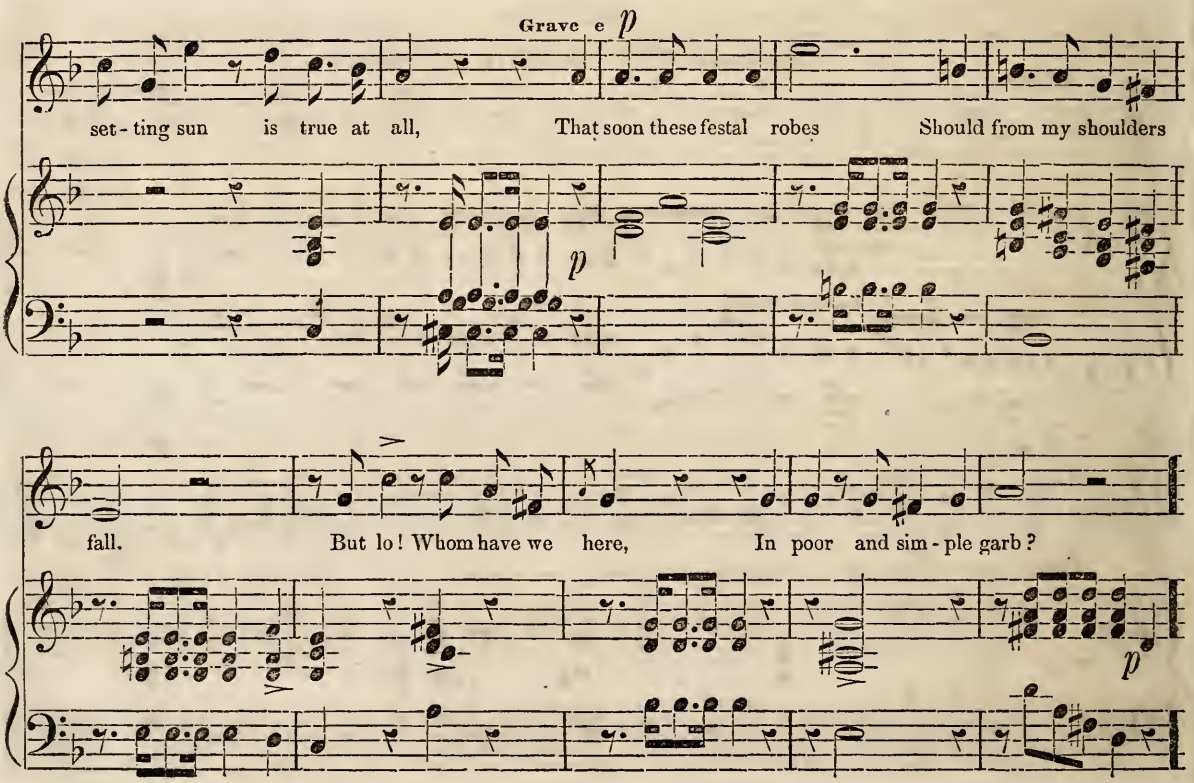


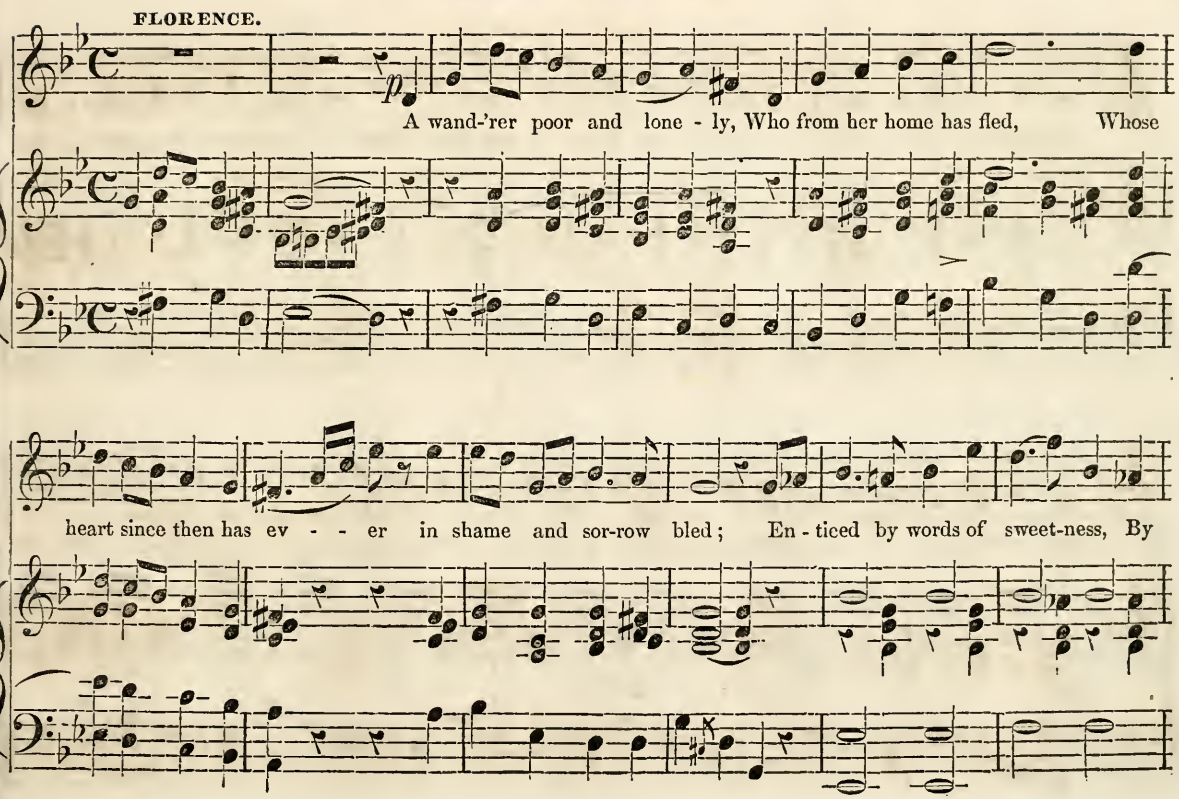
The Chorus take her in their midst and caress her. - At this moment the QUEEN enters.

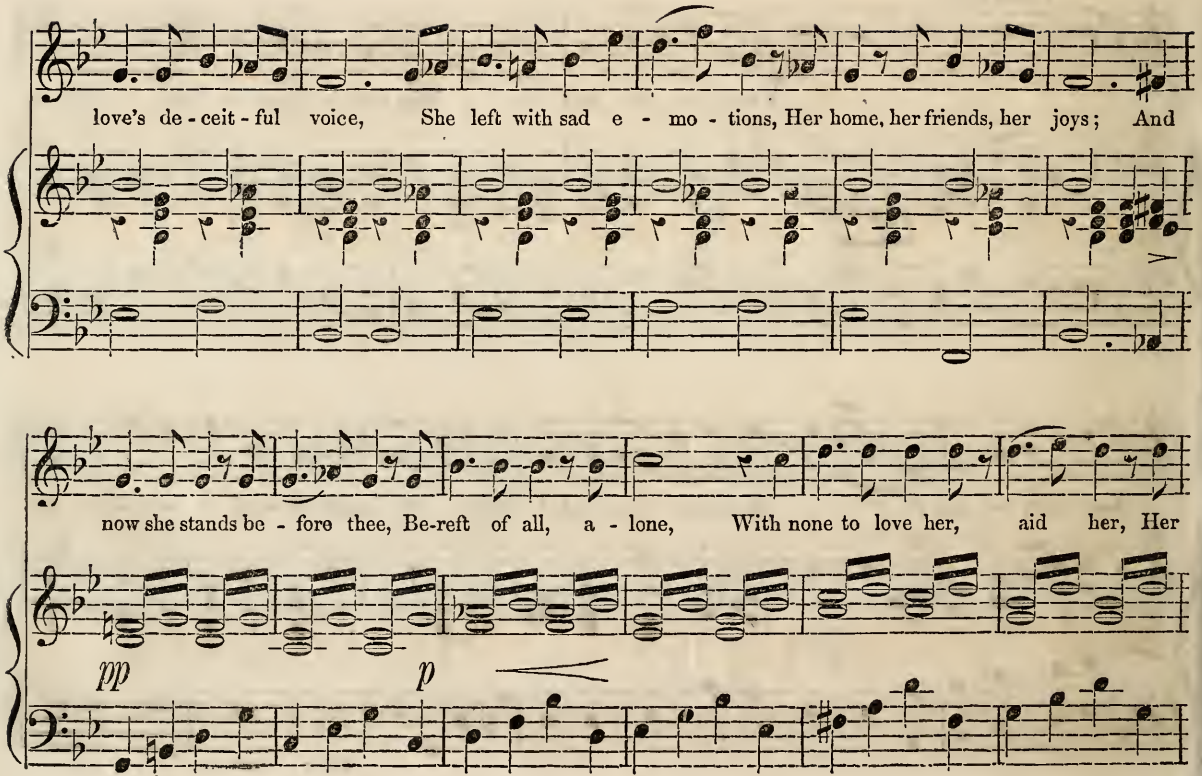
SCENE V.

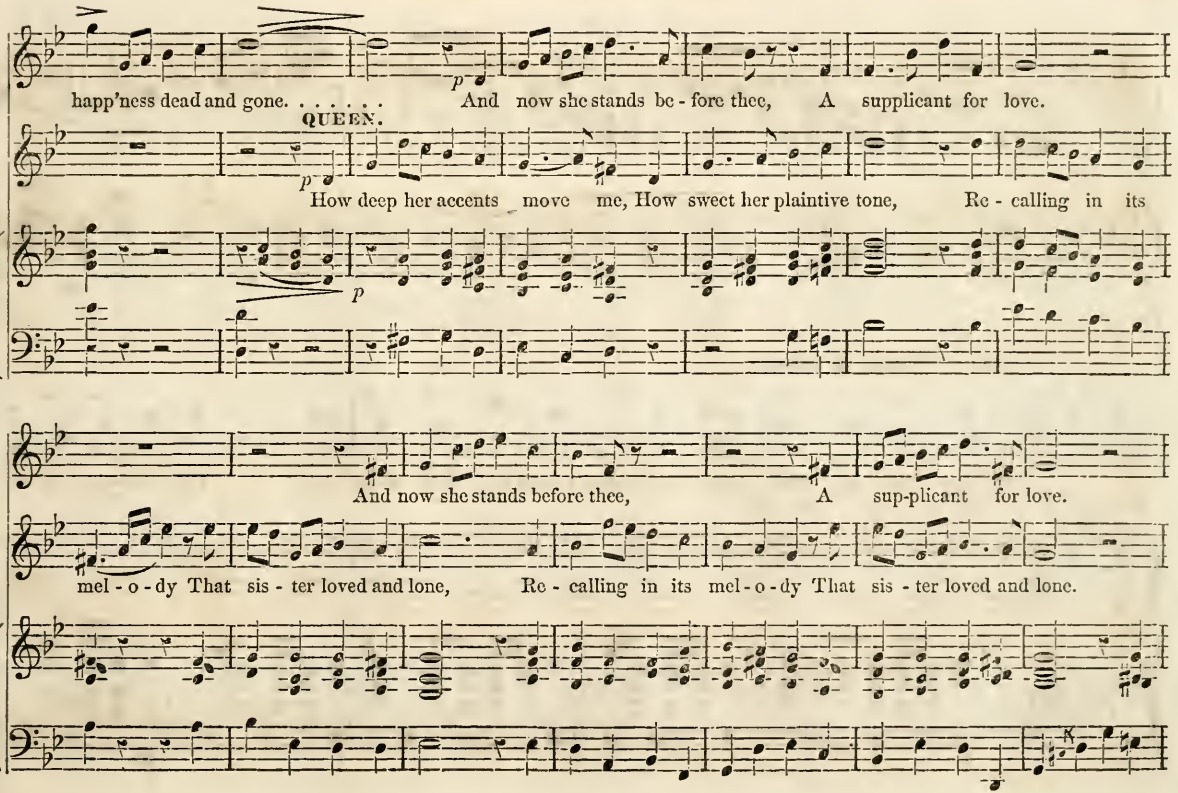
No. 9.—REC. DUETTO, and CHORUS.

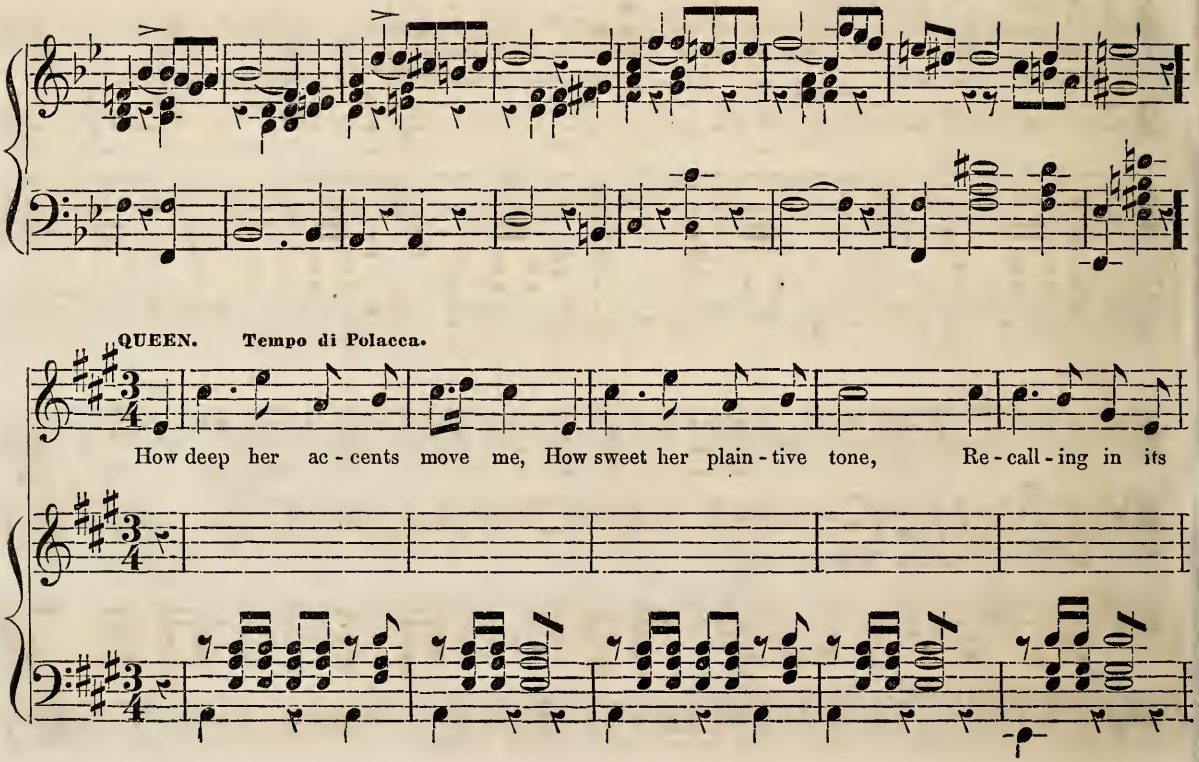


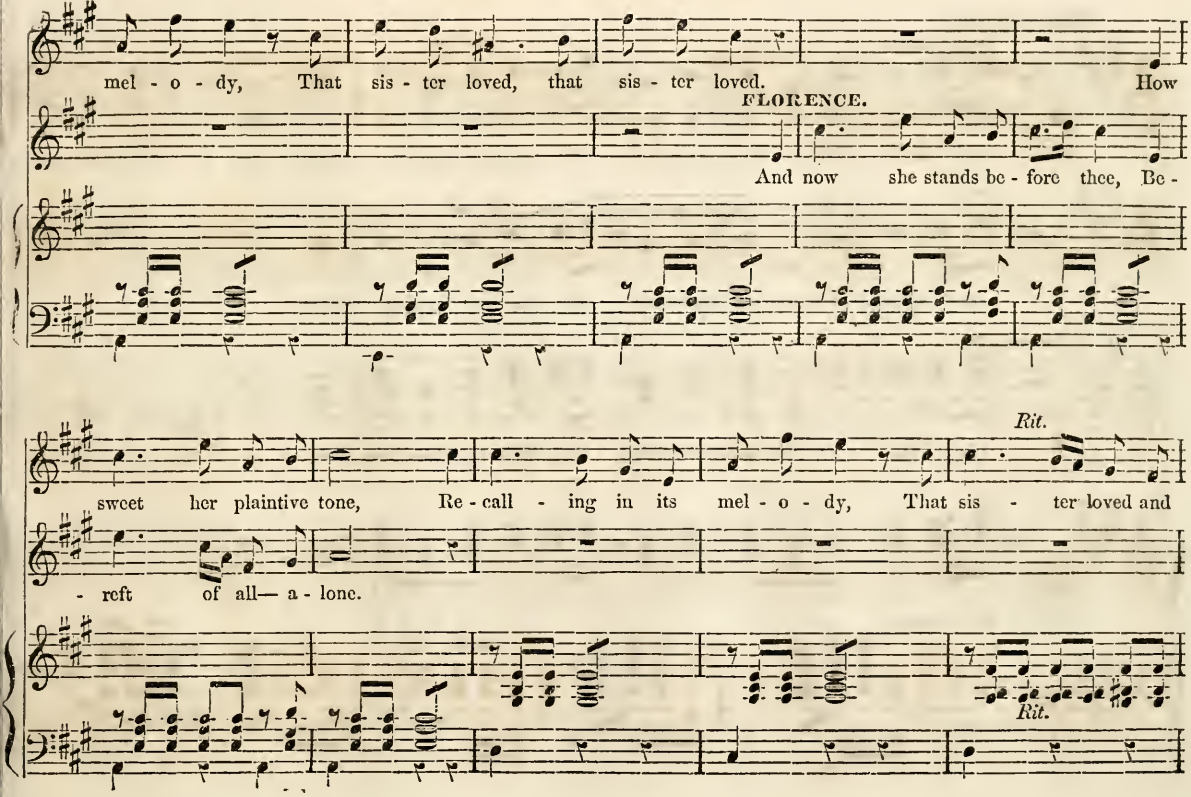

Grave e p
set - ting sun is true at all, That soon these festal robes Should from my shoulders
p
fall. But lo! Whom have we here, In poor and sim - ple garb?
p

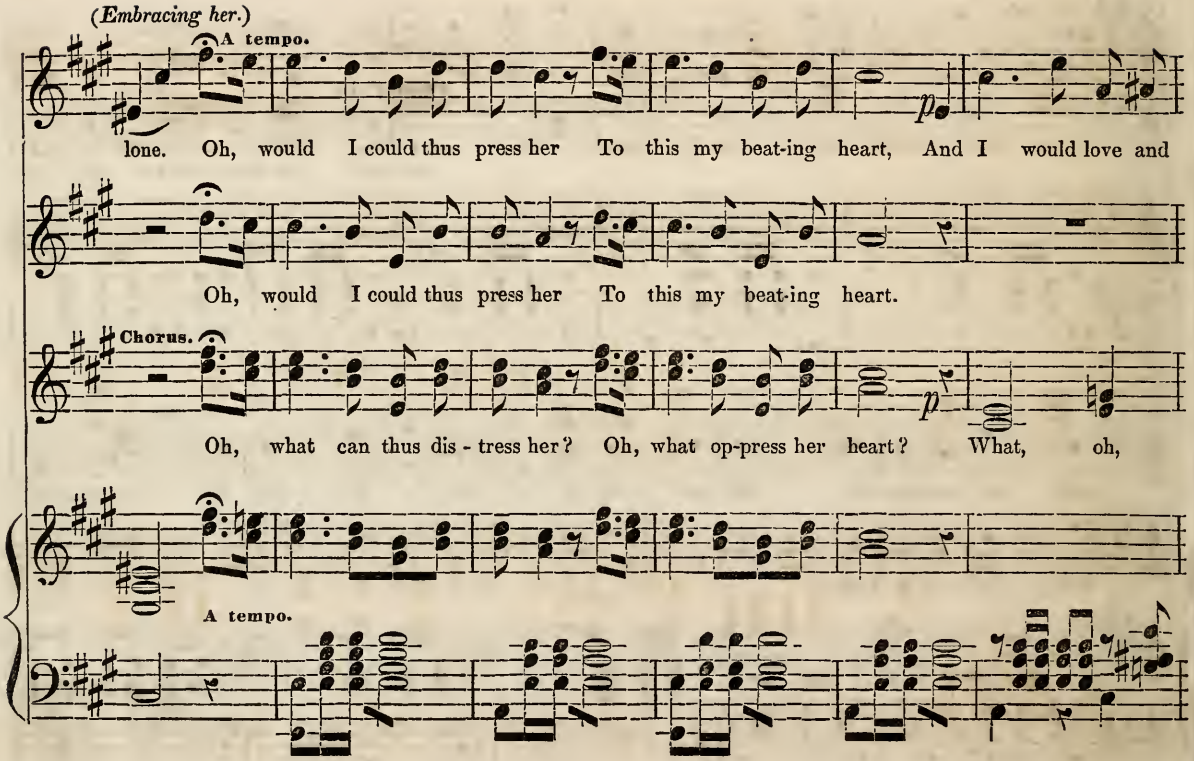

FLORENCE.
p
A wand-'rer poor and lone - ly, Who from her home has fled, Whose
heart since then has ev - - - er in shame and sor-row bled; En - ticed by words of sweet-ness, By

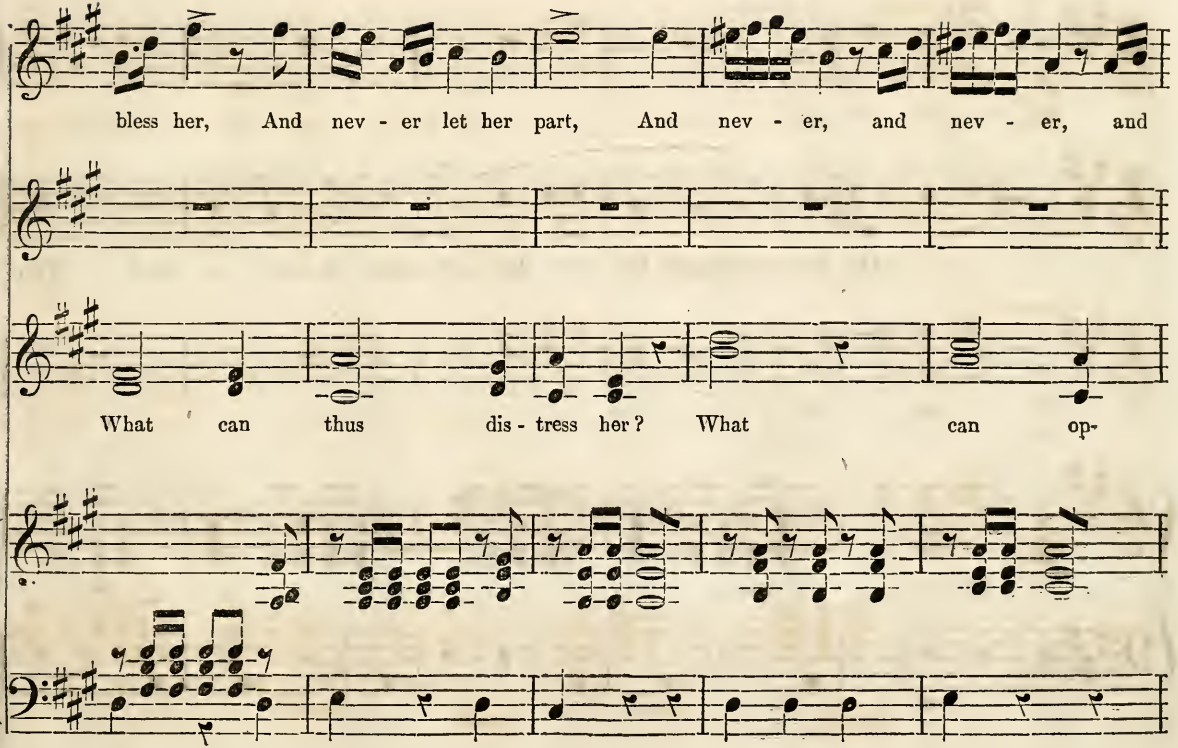

love's de - ceit - ful voice, She left with sad e - mo - tions, Her home, her friends, her joys; And
now she stands be - fore thee, Be-reft of all, a - lone, With none to love her, aid her, Her
pp
p

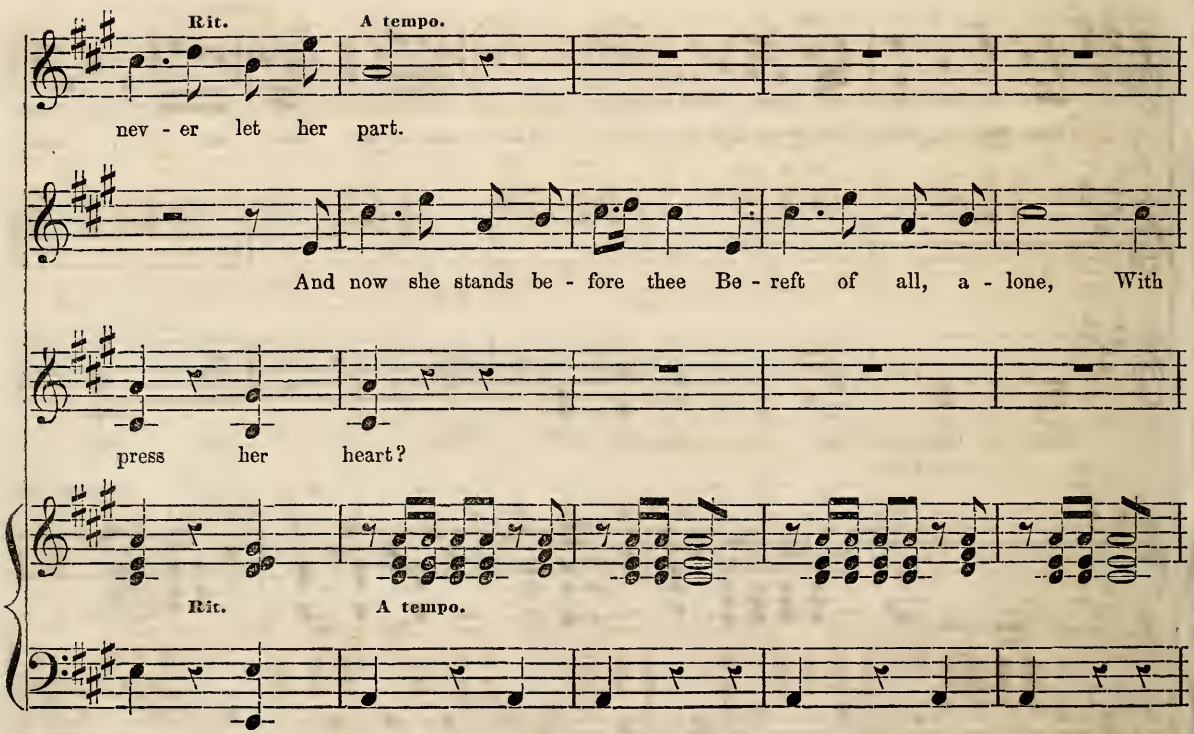

happ'ness dead and gone. . . . . And now she stands be - fore thee, A supplicant for love.
QUEEN.
How deep her accents move me, How swect her plaintive tone, Re - calling in its
And now she stands before thee, A sup-plicant for love.
mel - o - dy That sis - ter loved and lone, Re - calling in its mel - o - dy That sis - ter loved and lone.

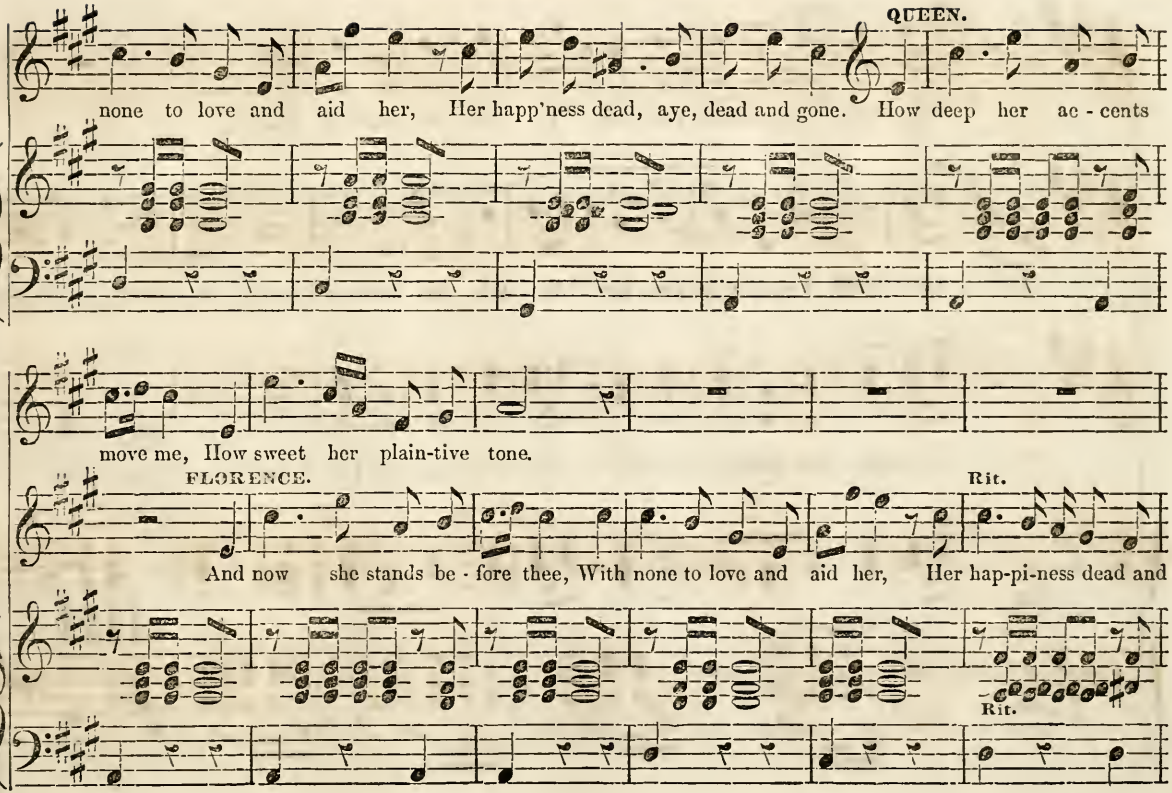

QUEEN. Tempo di Polacca.
How deep her ac - cents move me, How sweet her plain - tive tone, Re - call - ing in its

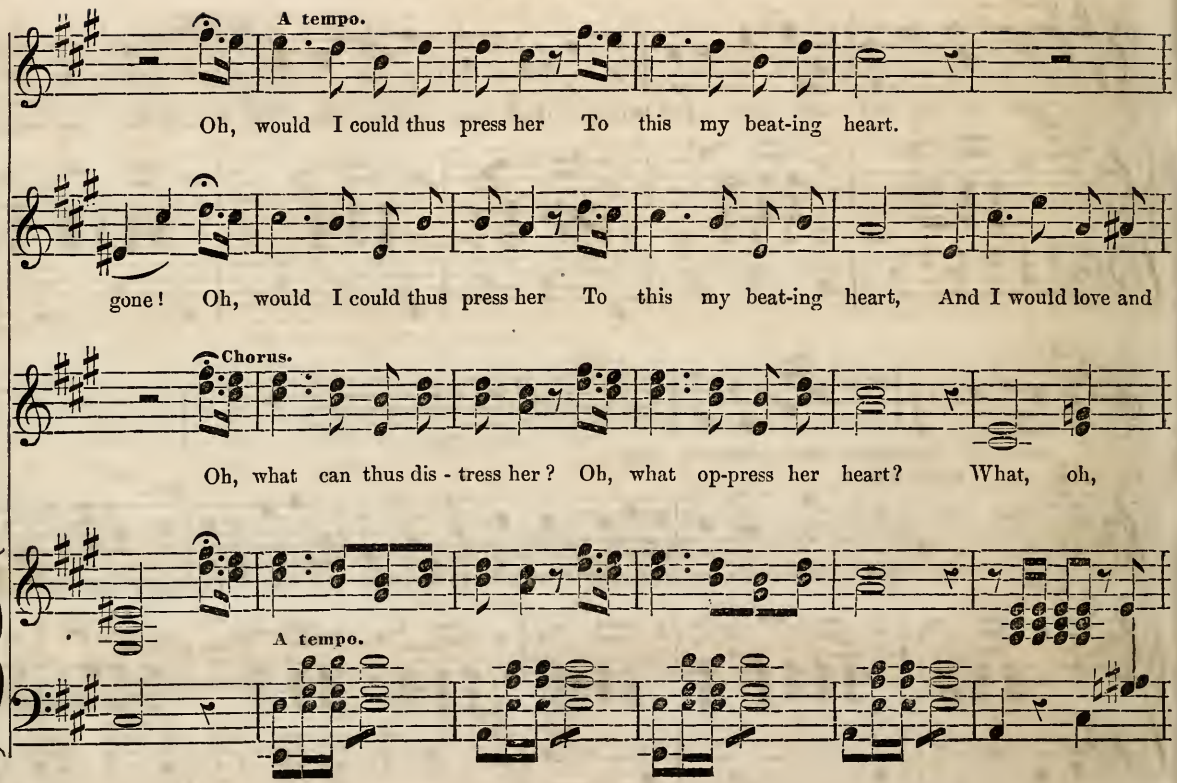

mel - o - dy, That sis - ter loved, that sis - ter loved. How
FLORENCE.
And now she stands be - fore thee, Be -
Rit.
sweet her plaintive tone, Re - call - ing in its mel - o - dy, That sis - ter loved and
- reft of all— a - lone.
Rit.

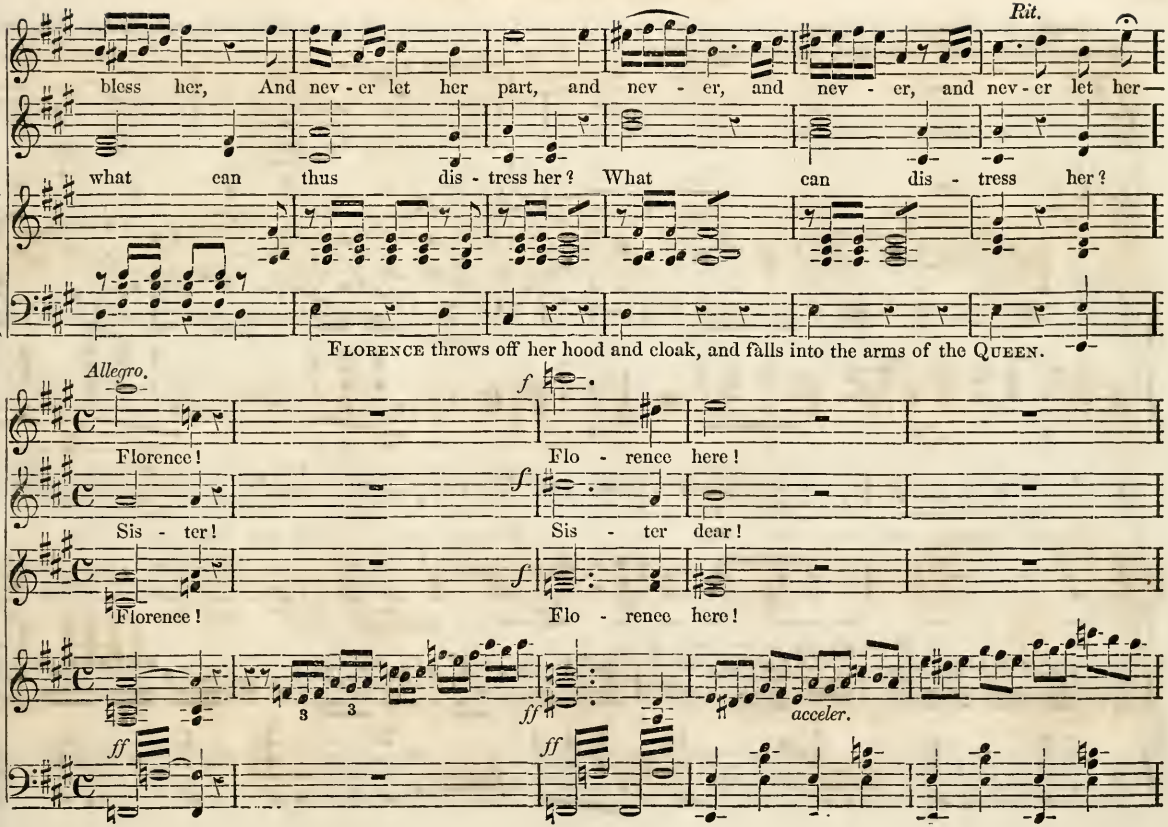

(Embracing her.)
A tempo.
lone. Oh, would I could thus press her To this my beat-ing heart, And I would love and
Oh, would I could thus press her To this my beat-ing heart.
Chorus.
Oh, what can thus dis - tress her? Oh, what op-press her heart? What, oh,
A tempo.


bless her, And nev - er let her part, And nev - er, and nev - er, and
What can thus dis - tress her? What can op-

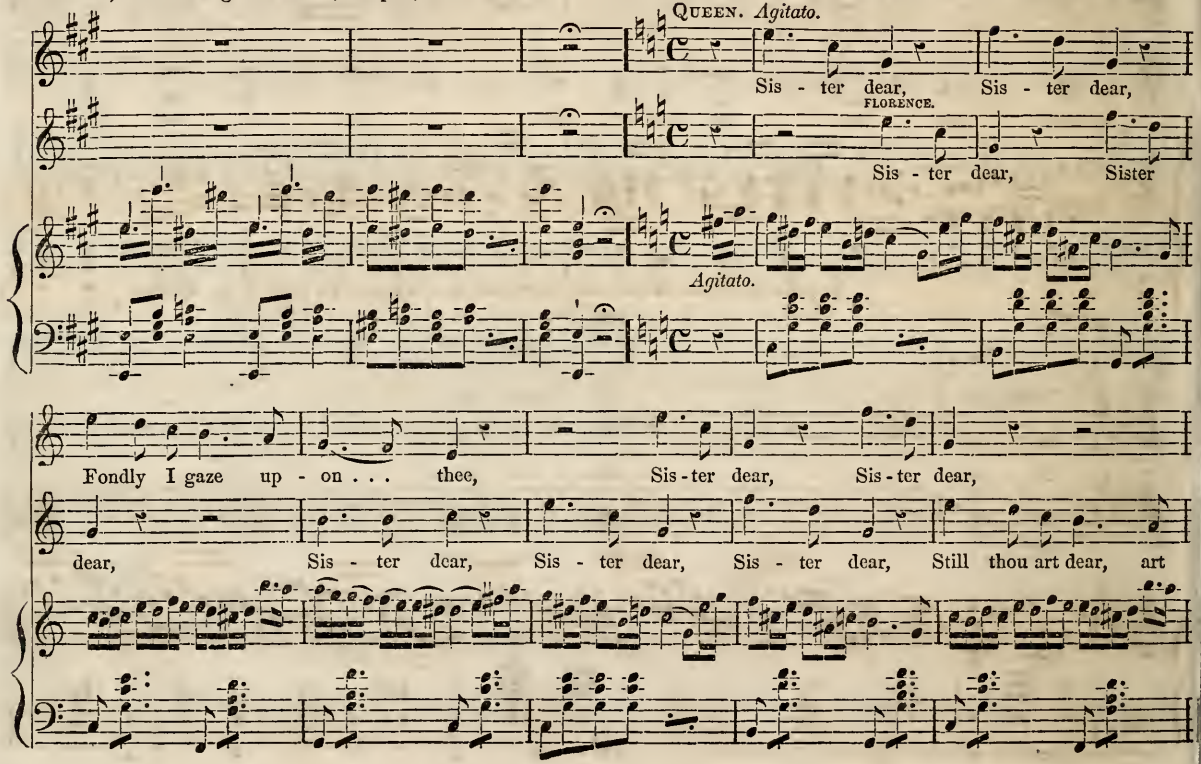

Rit.
A tempo.
nev - er let her part.
And now she stands be - fore thee Be - reft of all, a - lone, With
press her heart?
Rit.
A tempo.

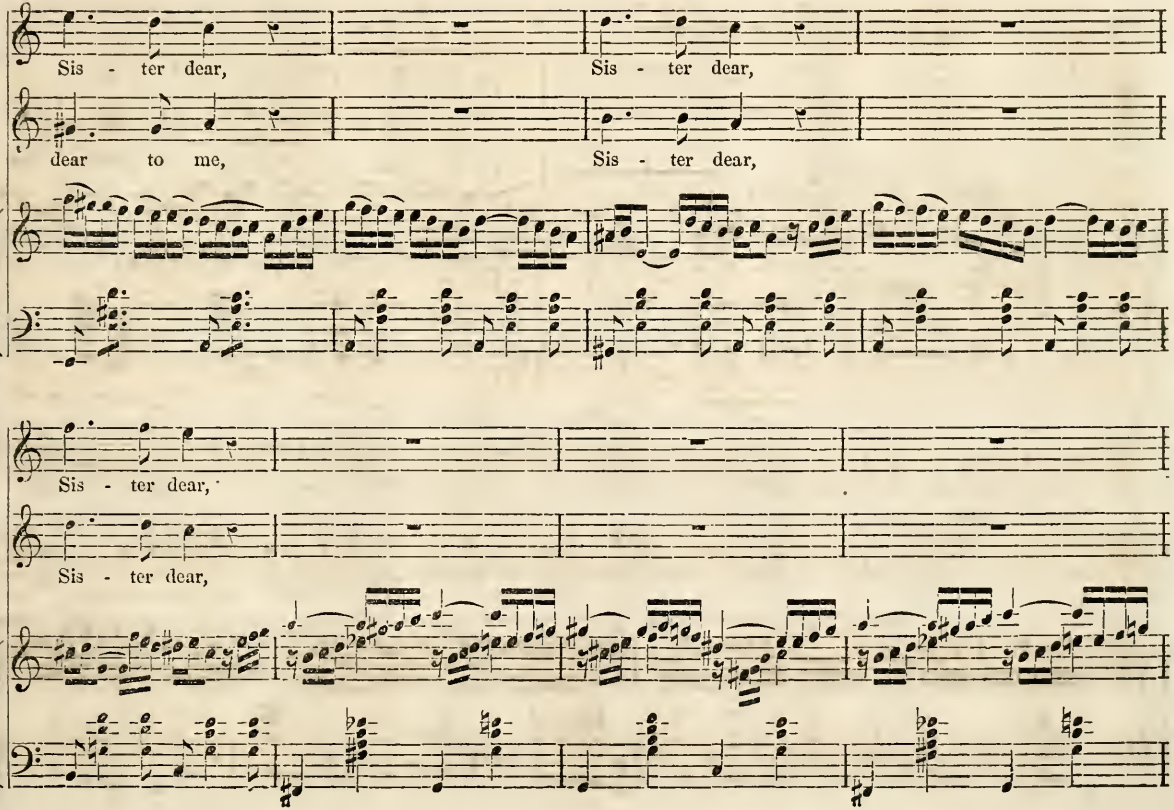

QUEEN.
none to love and aid her, Her happ'ness dead, aye, dead and gone. How deep her ac - cents
move me, How sweet her plain-tive tone.
FLORENCE.
Rit.
And now she stands be - fore thee, With none to love and aid her, Her hap-pi-ness dead and
Rit.

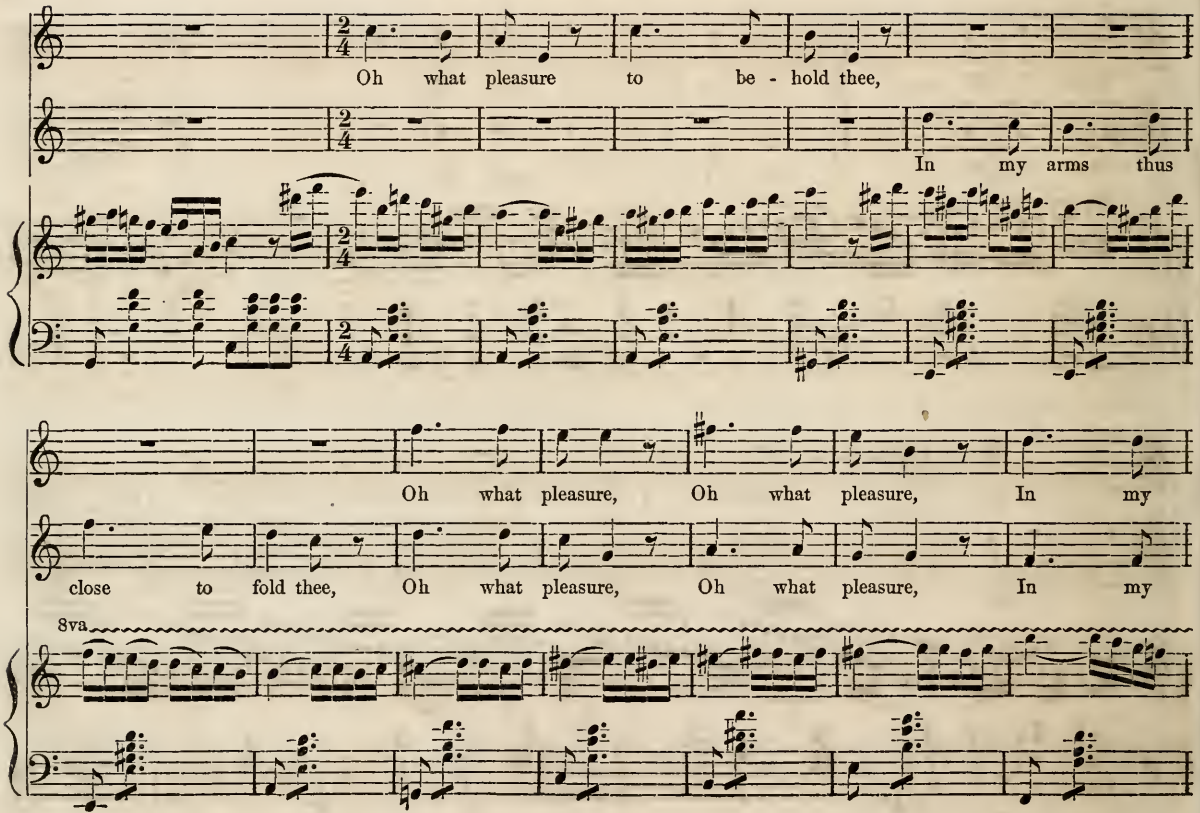

A tempo.
Oh, would I could thus press her To this my beat-ing heart.
gone! Oh, would I could thus press her To this my beat-ing heart, And I would love and
Chorus.
Oh, what can thus dis - tress her? Oh, what op-press her heart? What, oh,
A tempo.

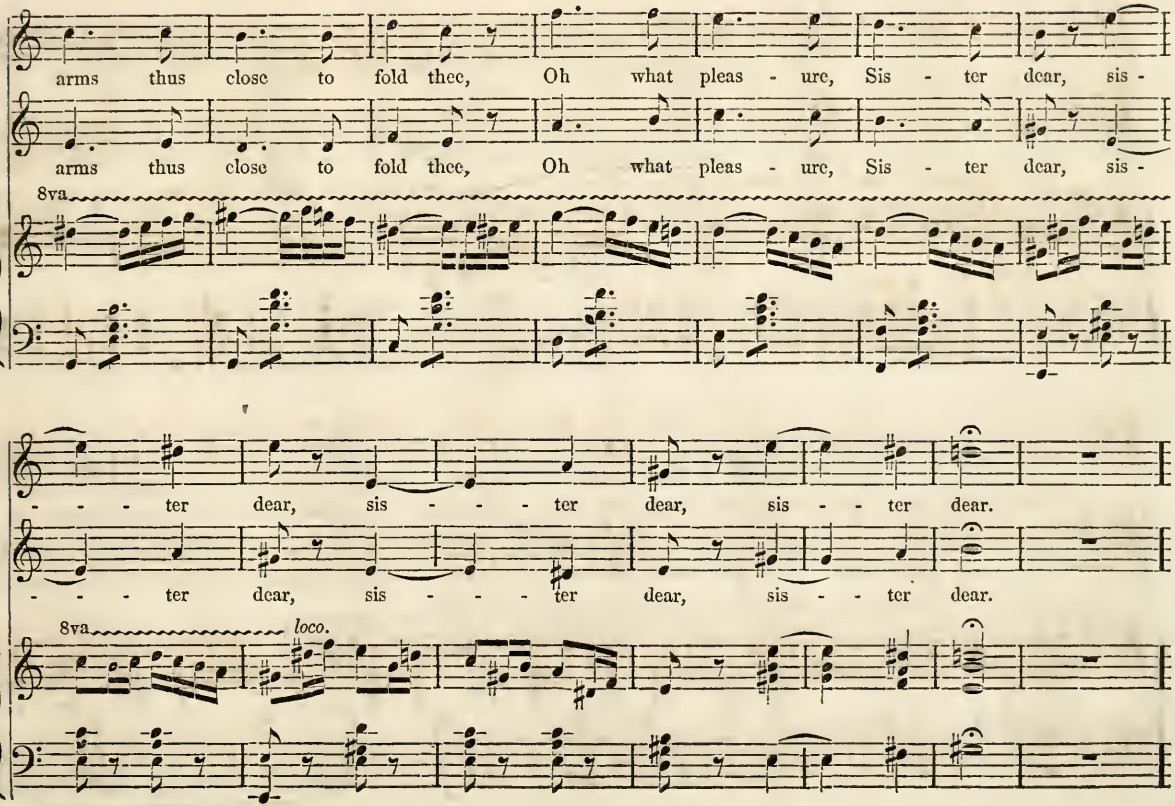

Rit.
bless her, And nev - er let her part, and nev - er, and nev - er, and nev - er let her—
what can thus dis - tress her? What can dis - tress her?
Florence throws off her hood and cloak, and falls into the arms of the Queen.
Allegro.
f
Florence!
Flo - rence here!
f
Sis - ter!
Sis - ter dear!
f
Florence!
Flo - rence here!
3 3
ff
acceler.
ff
ff

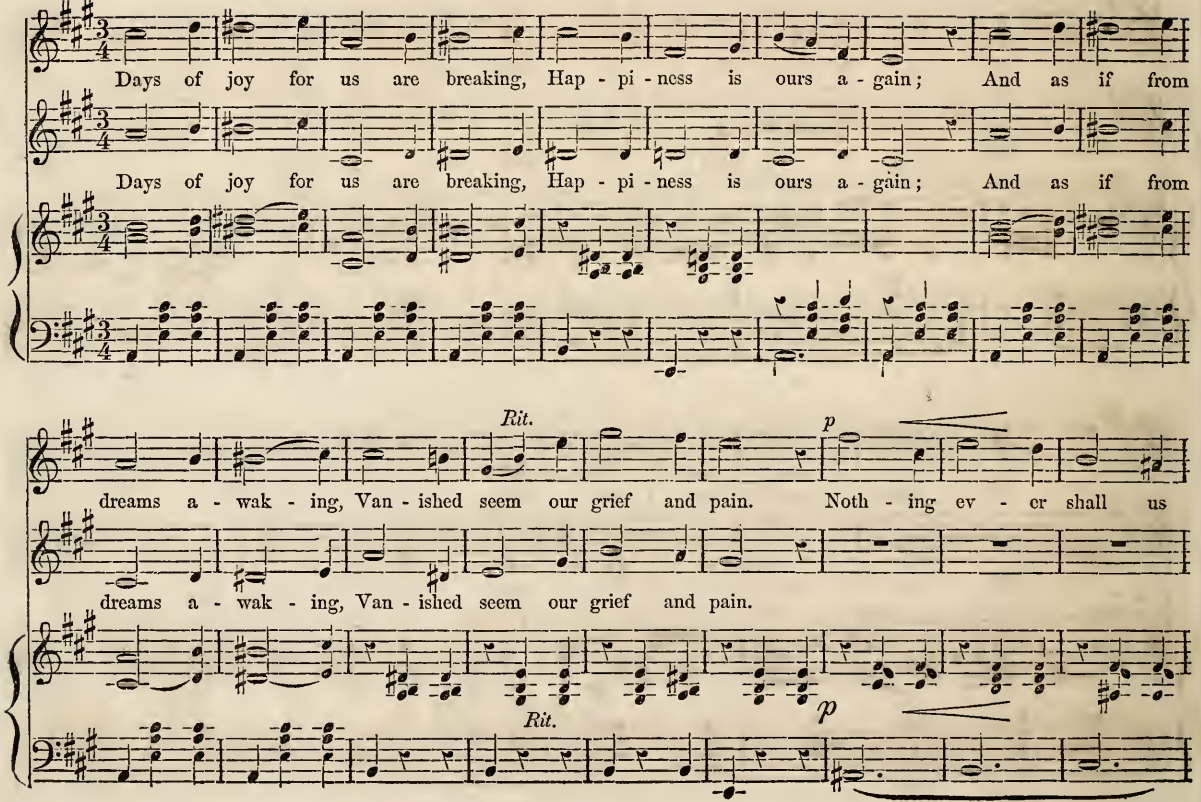
During the following DUET, the Chorus retires, as if to consult; some leave the stage, and return with baskets filled with flowers; others bring a Garland, Sceptre, and Crown.

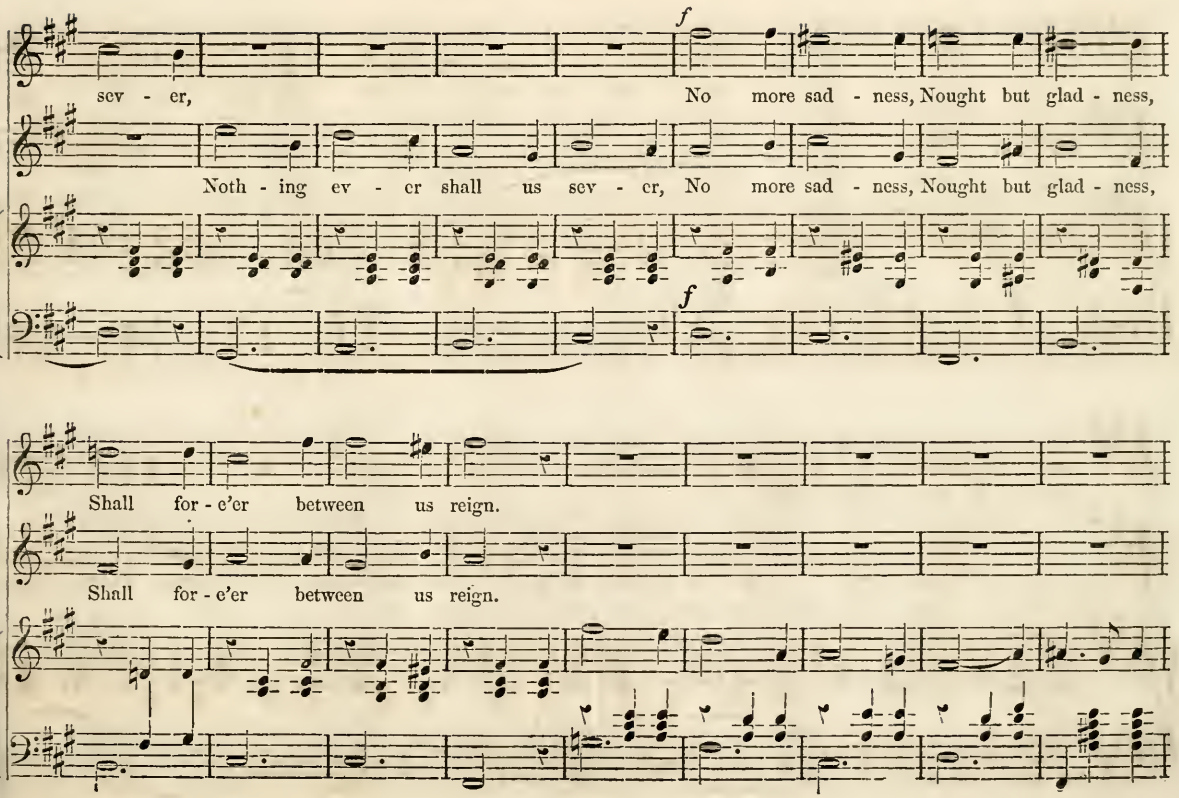


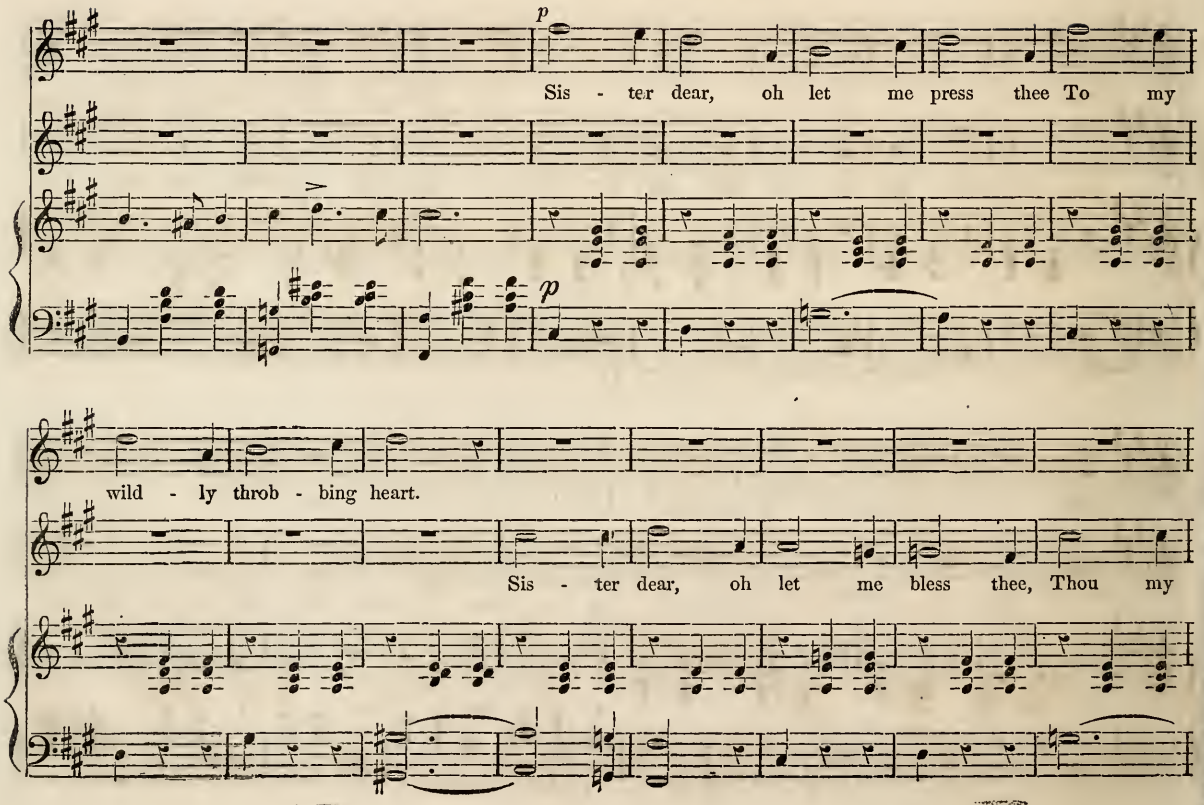

Sis - ter dear,
Sis - ter dear,
dear to me,
Sis - ter dear,
Sis - ter dear,
Sis - ter dear,

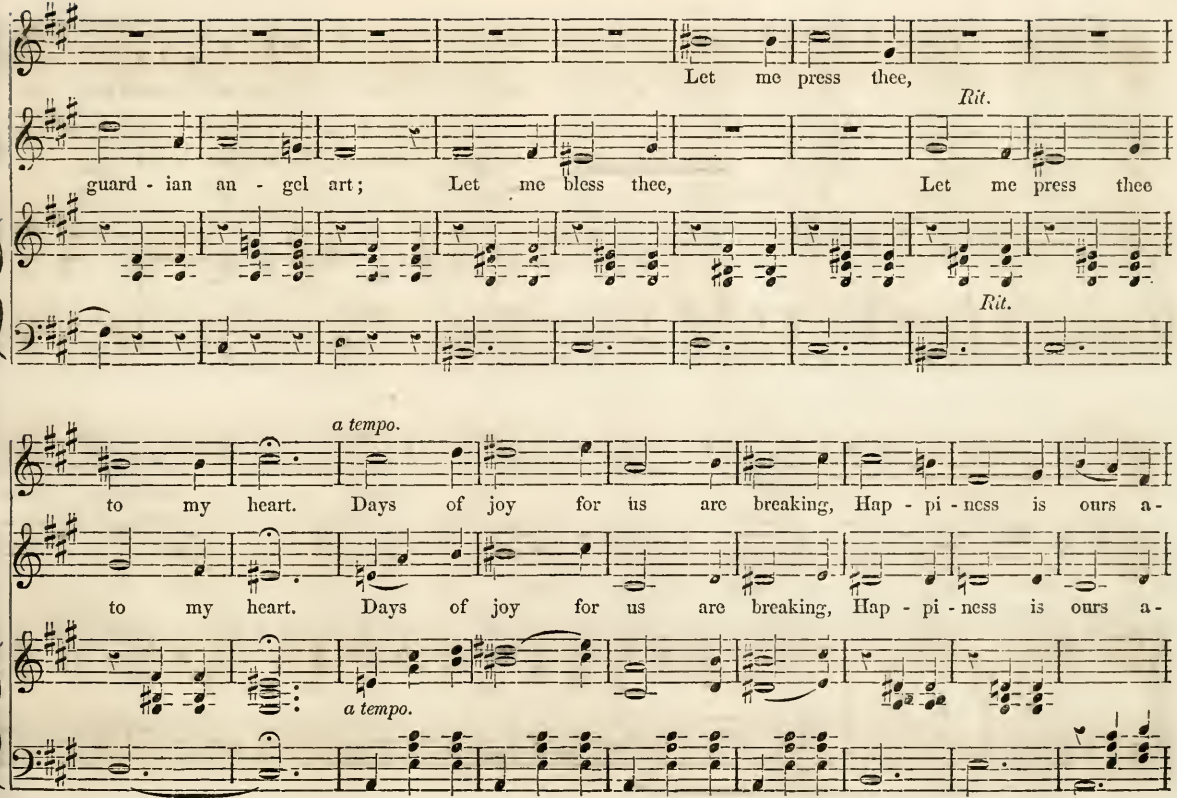

Oh what pleasure to be - hold thee,
In my arms thus
Oh what pleasure, Oh what pleasure, In my
close to fold thee, Oh what pleasure, Oh what pleasure, In my
8va

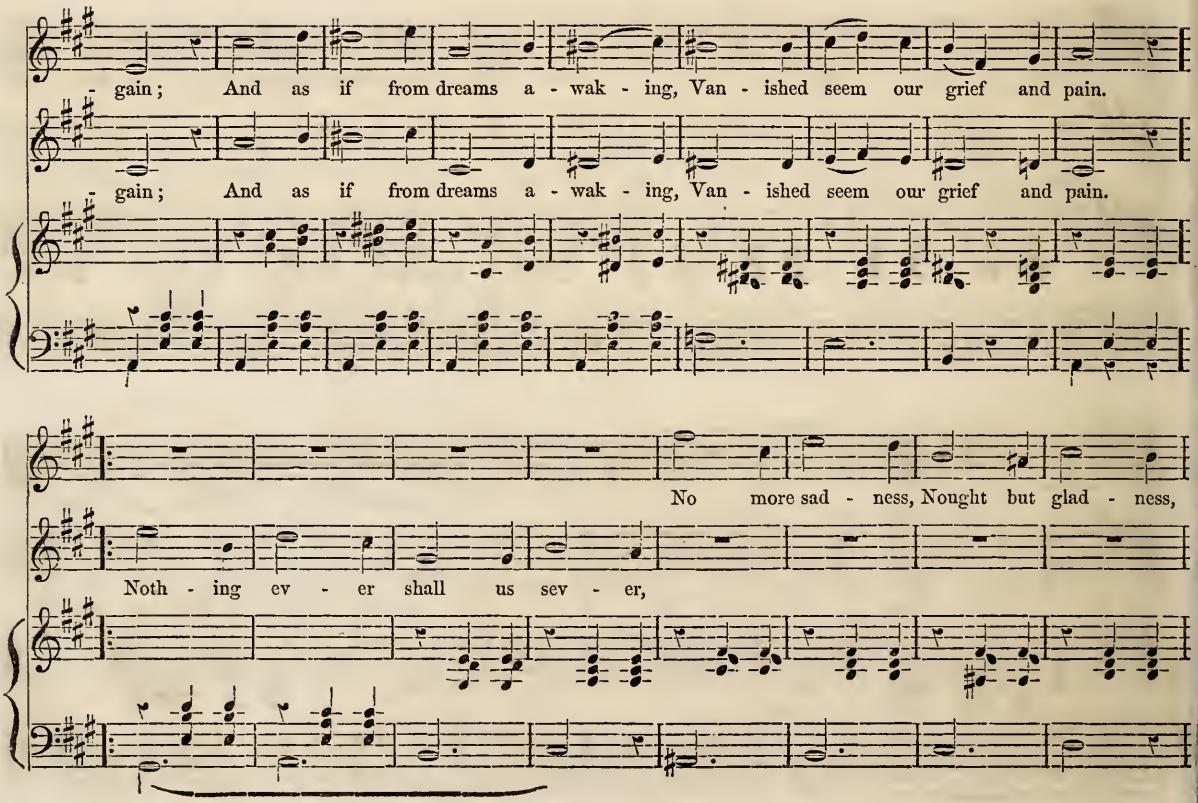

arms thus close to fold thee, Oh what pleas - ure, Sis - ter dear, sis -
arms thus close to fold thee, Oh what pleas - ure, Sis - ter dear, sis -
8va
- - - ter dear, sis - - - - ter dear, sis - - ter dear.
- - - ter dear, sis - - - - ter dear, sis - - ter dear.
8va
loco.

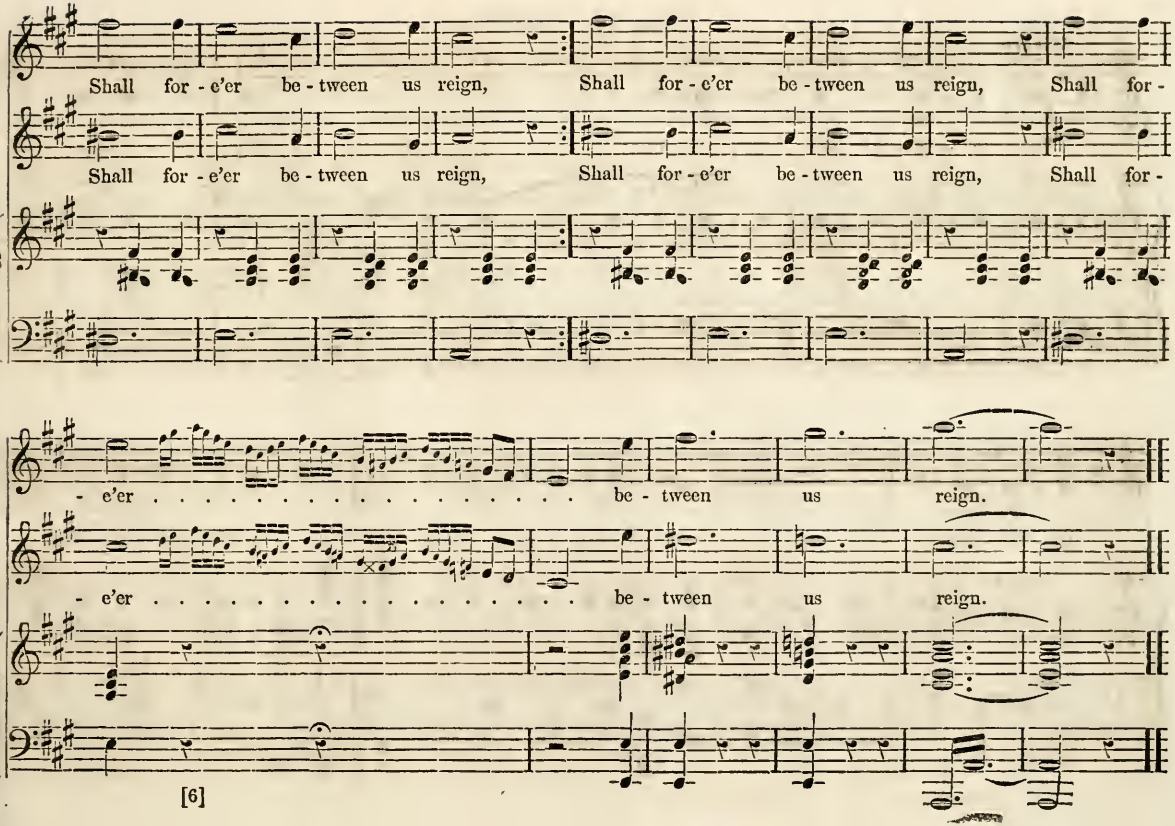

Days of joy for us are breaking, Hap - pi - ness is ours a - gain; And as if from
Days of joy for us are breaking, Hap - pi - ness is ours a - gain; And as if from
Rit.
p
dreams a - wak - ing, Van - ished seem our grief and pain. Noth - ing ev - er shall us
dreams a - wak - ing, Van - ished seem our grief and pain.
p
Rit.


f
sev - er, No more sad - ness, Nought but glad - ness,
Noth - ing ev - er shall us sev - er, No more sad - ness, Nought but glad - ness,
f
Shall for - e'er between us reign.
Shall for - e'er between us reign.

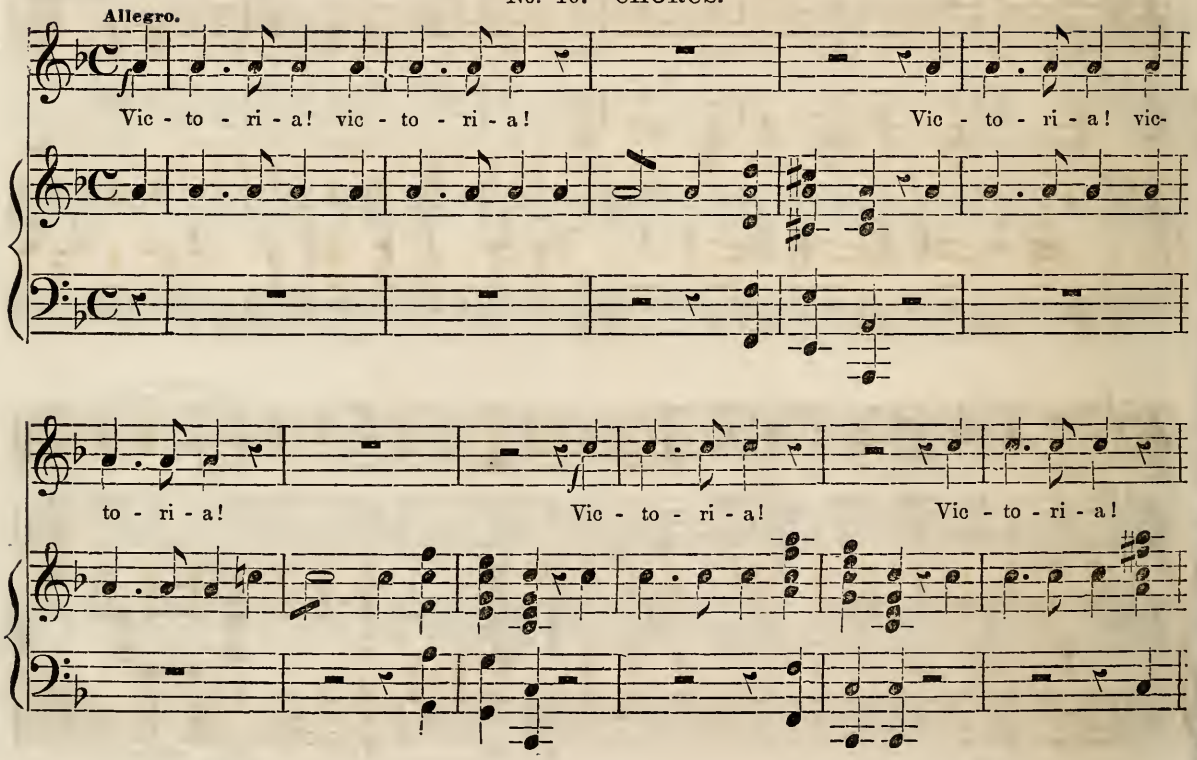

p
Sis - ter dear, oh let me press thee To my
p
wild - ly throb - bing heart.
Sis - ter dear, oh let me bless thee, Thou my

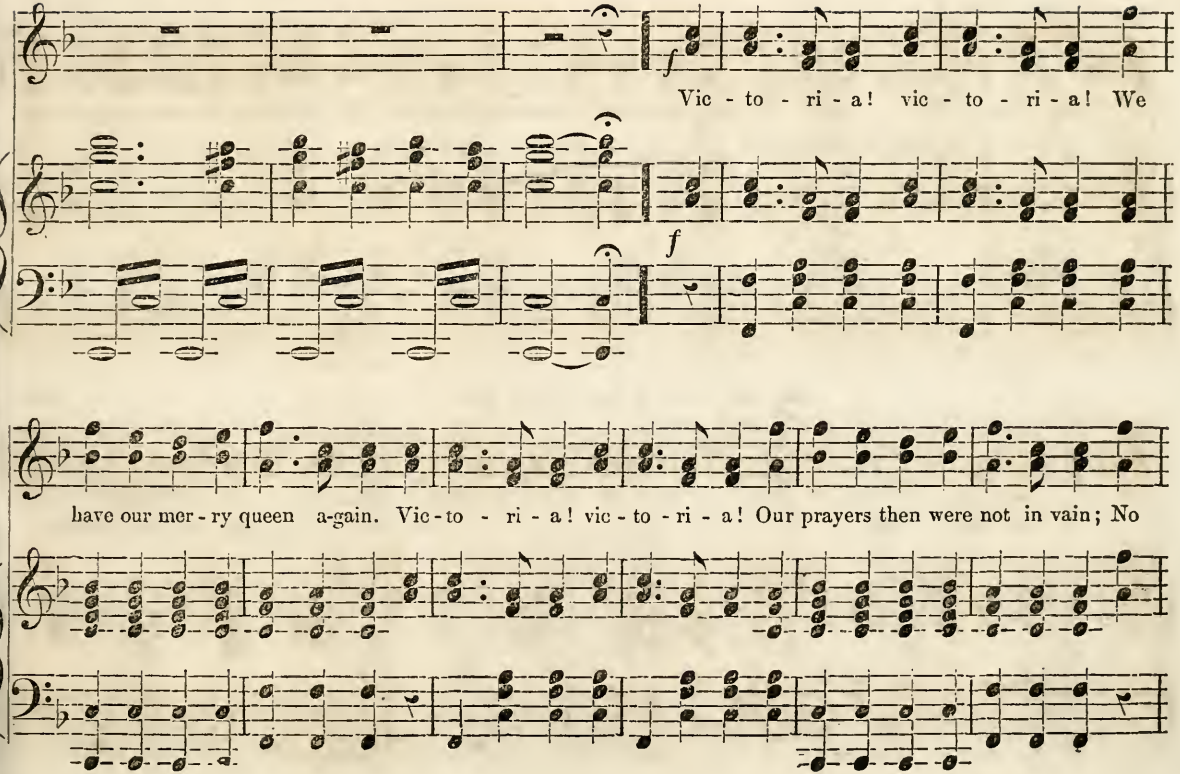

Let me press thee,
Rit.
guard - ian an - gel art; Let me bless thee, Let me press thee
Rit.
a tempo.
to my heart. Days of joy for us are breaking, Hap - pi - ness is ours a-
to my heart. Days of joy for us are breaking, Hap - pi - ness is ours a-
a tempo.

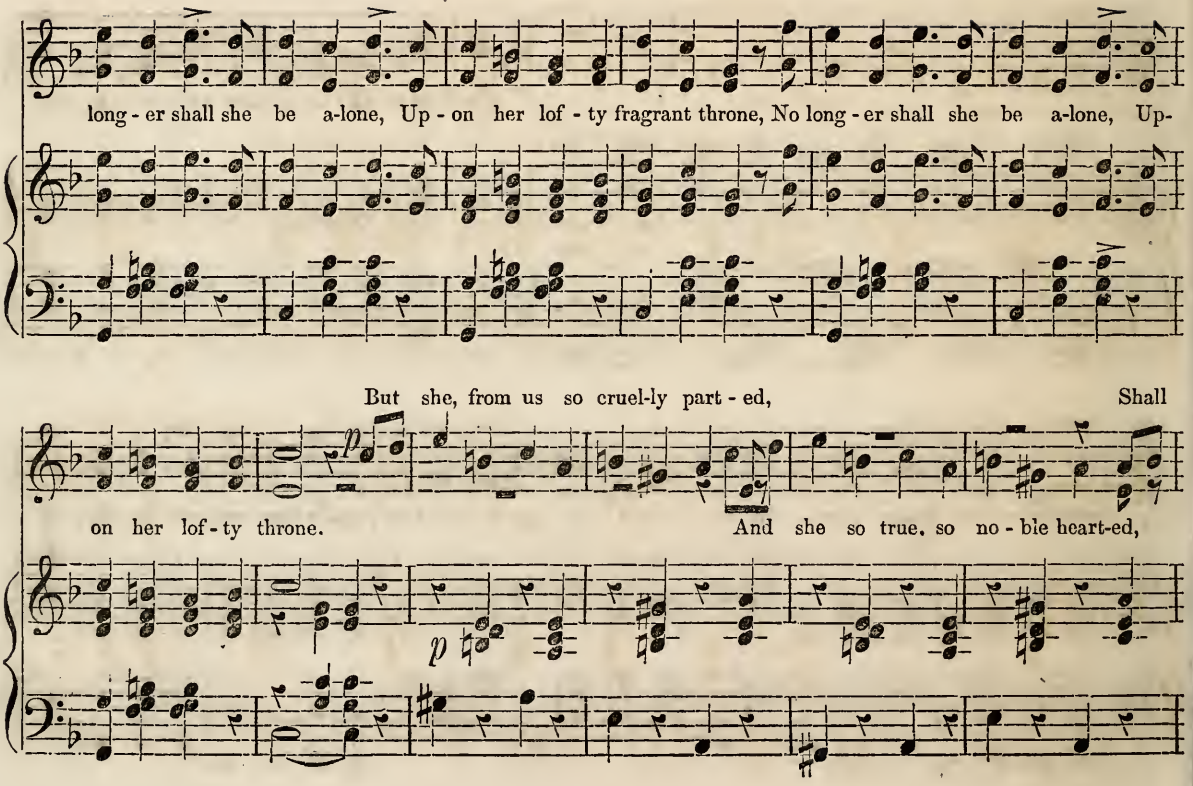

gain; And as if from dreams a - wak - ing, Van - ished seem our grief and pain.
gain; And as if from dreams a - wak - ing, Van - ished seem our grief and pain.
No more sad - ness, Nought but glad - ness,
Noth - ing ev - er shall us sev - er,

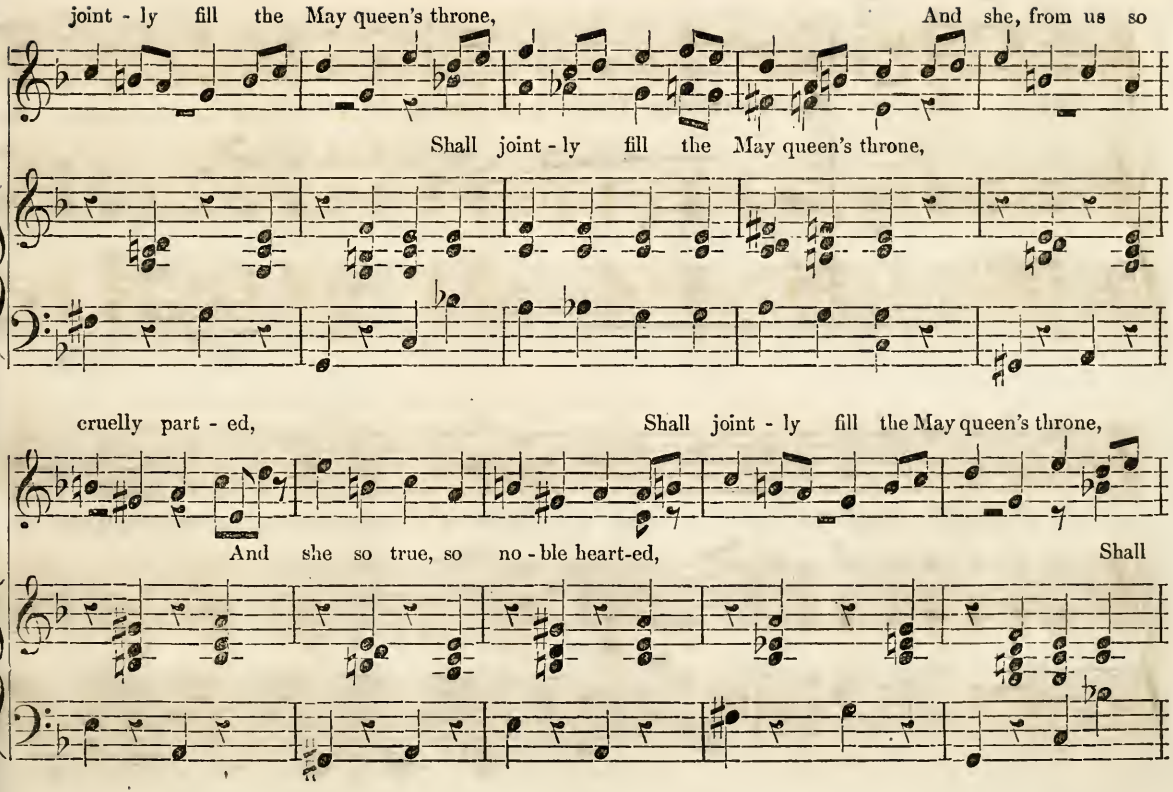

Shall for - e'er be - tween us reign, Shall for - e'er be - tween us reign, Shall for -
Shall for - e'er be - tween us reign, Shall for - e'er be - tween us reign, Shall for -
- e'er . . . . . be - tween us reign.
- e'er . . . . . be - tween us reign.

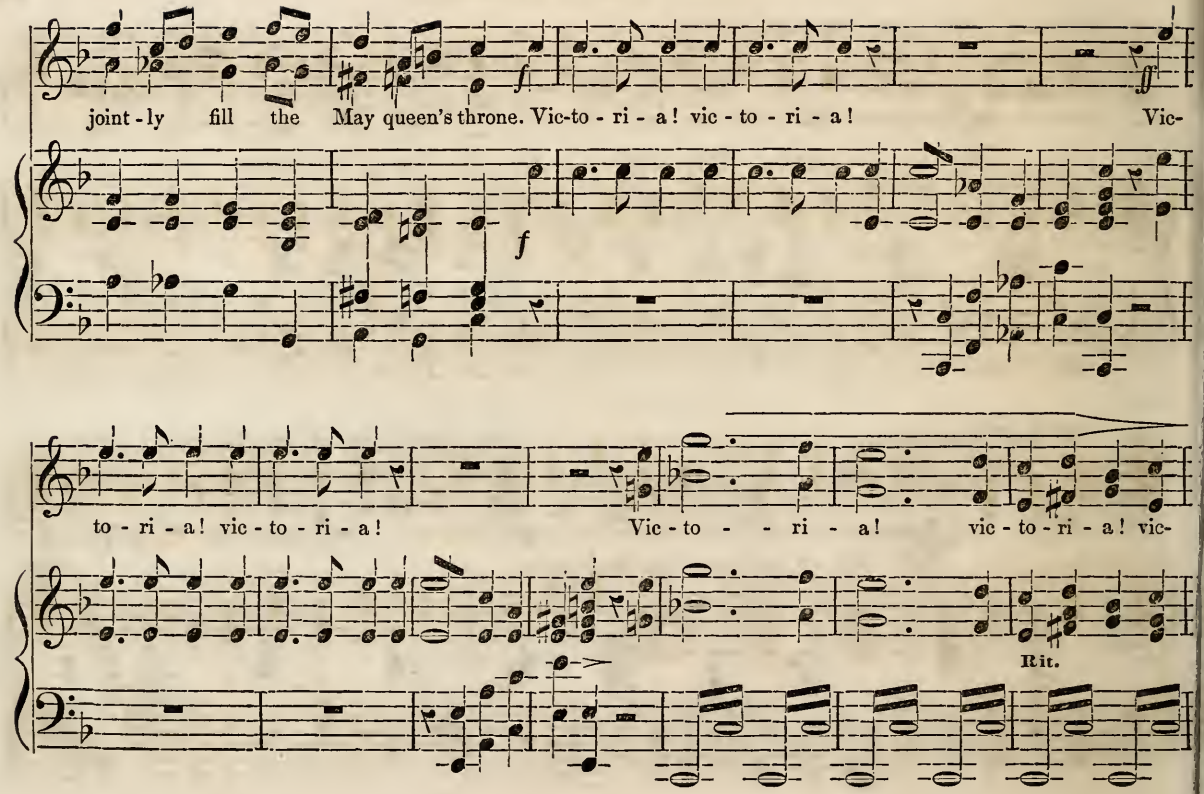
No. 10. CHORUS.

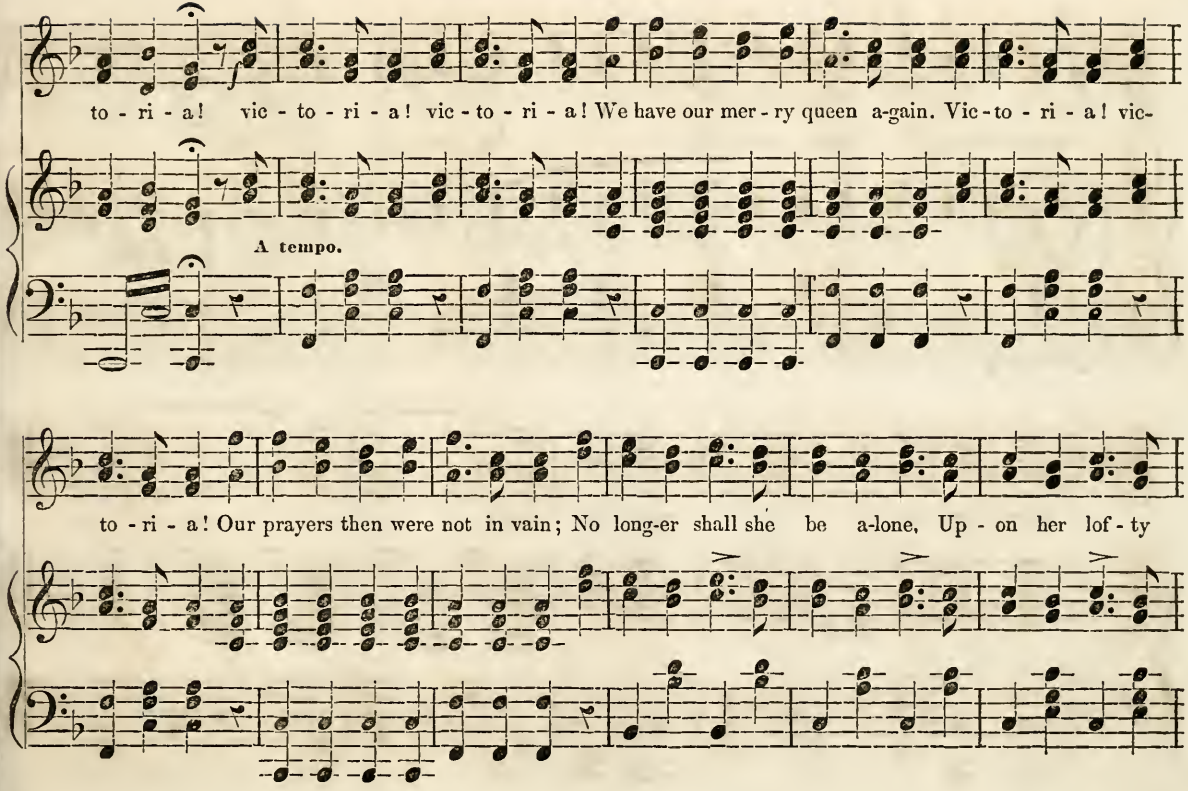

Allegro.
Vic - to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a!
Vic - to - ri - a! vic-
to - ri - a!
Vic - to - ri - a!
Vic - to - ri - a!

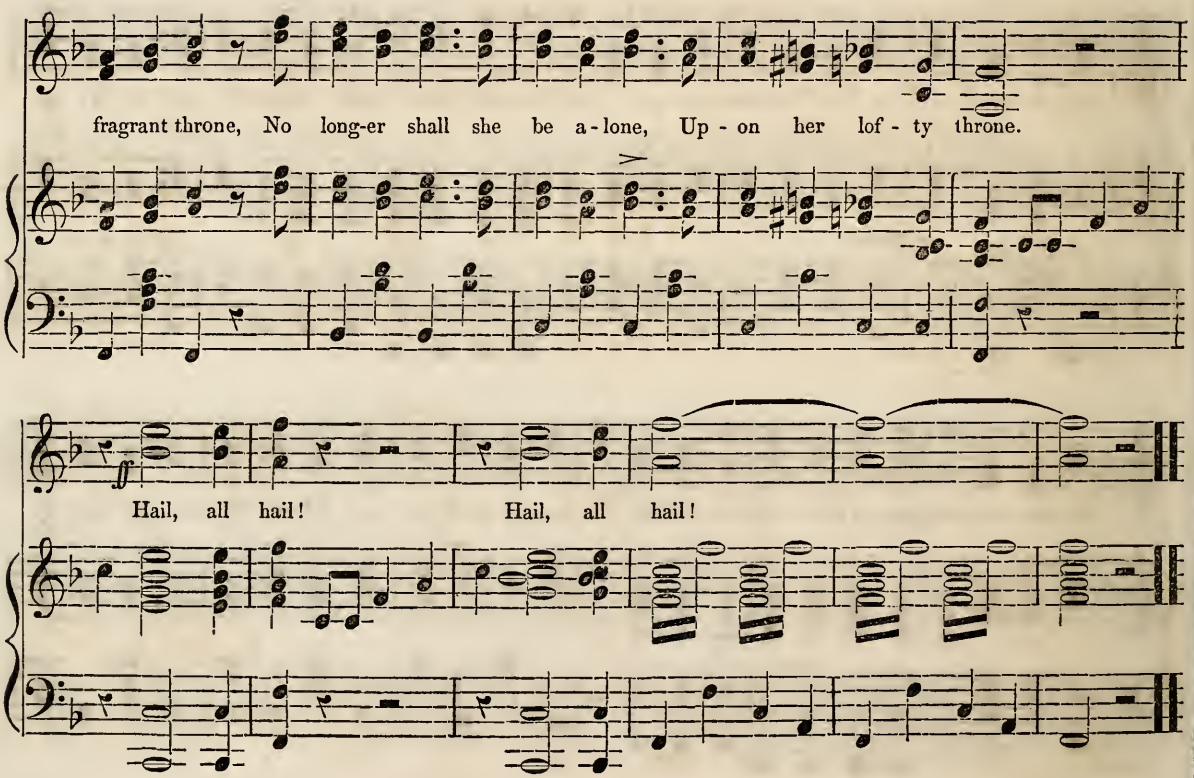

f
Vic - to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! We
f
have our mer - ry queen a-gain. Vic - to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! Our prayers then were not in vain; No


long - er shall she be a-lone, Up - on her lof - ty fragrant throne, No long - er shall she be a-lone, Up-
But she, from us so cruel-ly part - ed, Shall
on her lof - ty throne. And she so true, so no - ble heart-ed,

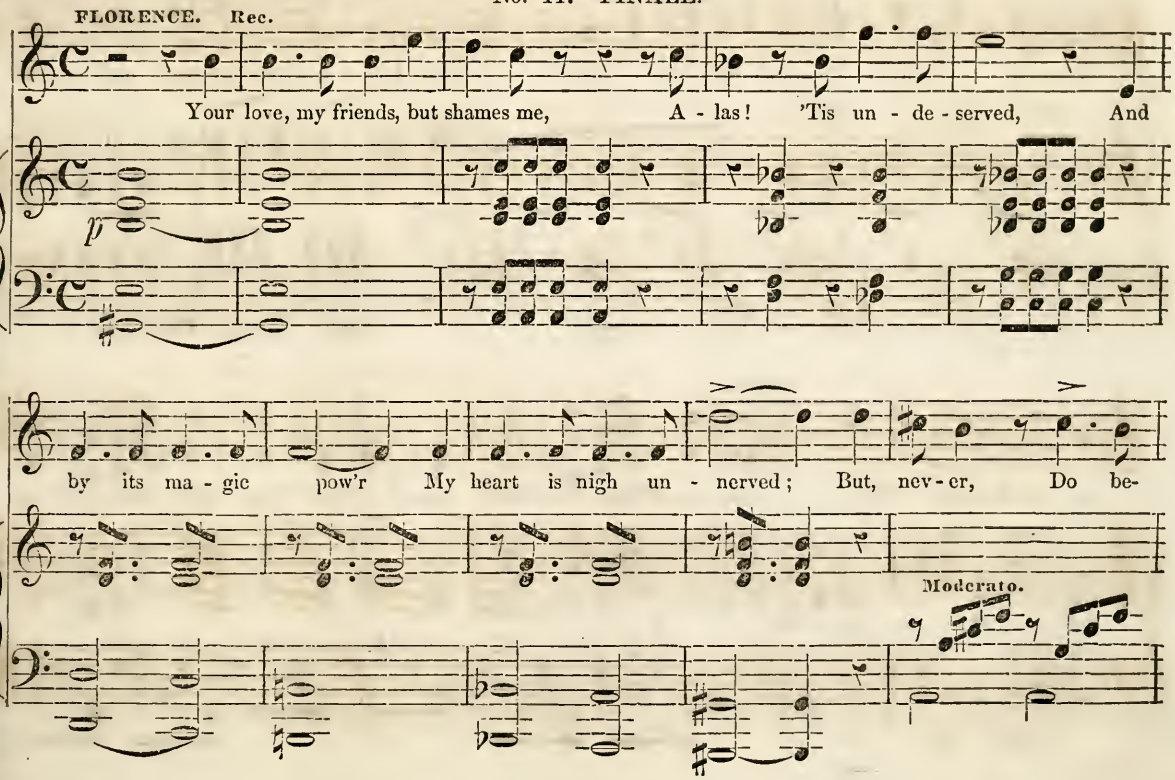

joint - ly fill the May queen's throne,
And she, from us so
Shall joint - ly fill the May queen's throne,
cruelly part - ed,
Shall joint - ly fill the May queen's throne,
And she so true, so no - ble heart-ed,
Shall

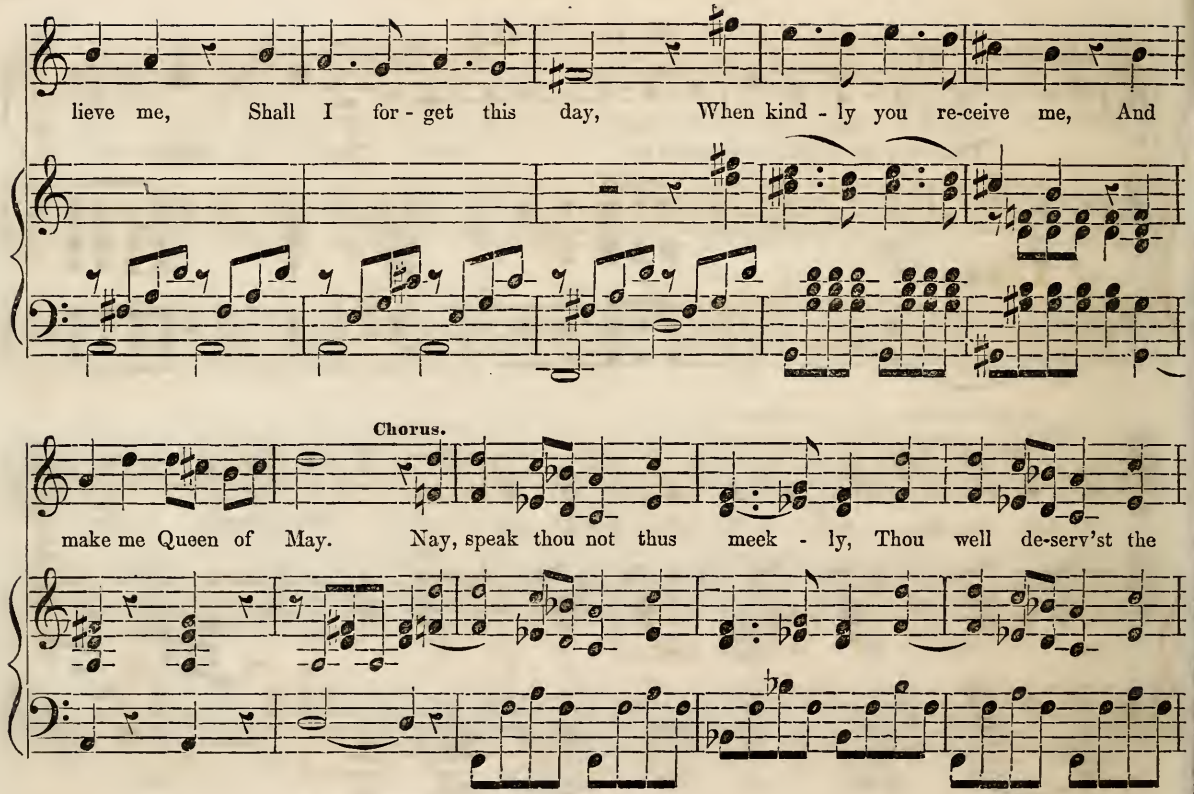

joint - ly fill the May queen's throne. Vic-to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! Vic-
f
to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! Vic - to - - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! vic-
Rit.

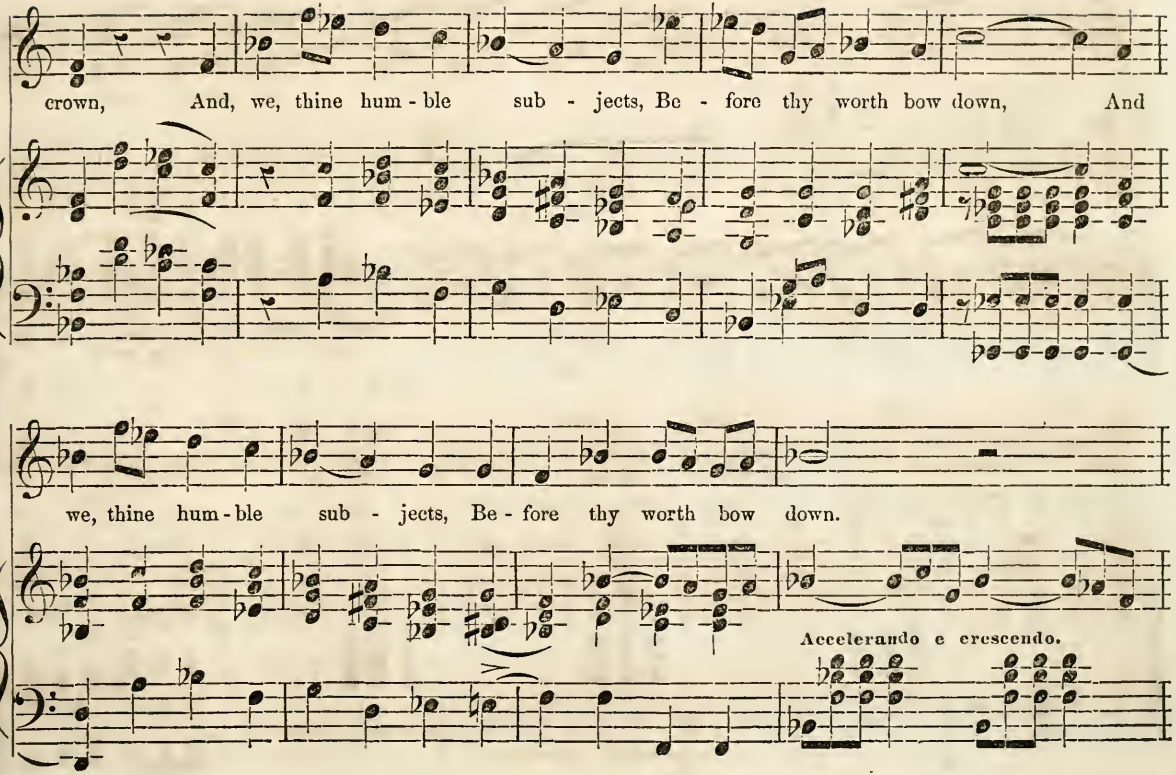

to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! vic - to - ri - a! We have our mer - ry queen a-gain. Vic - to - ri - a! vic-
A tempo.
to - ri - a! Our prayers then were not in vain; No long-er shall she be a-lone, Up - on her lof - ty

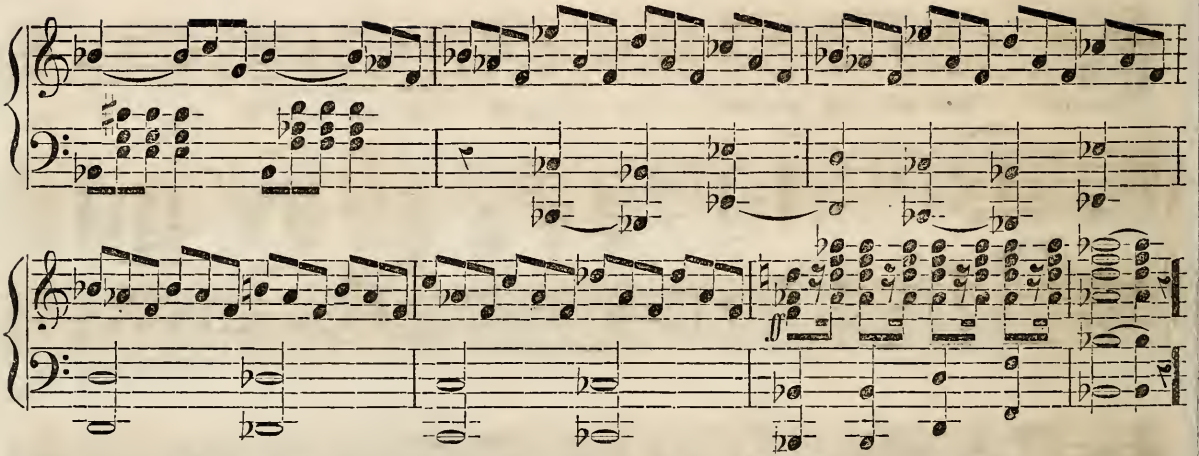

fragrant throne, No long-er shall she be a-lone, Up-on her lof-ty throne.
ff
Hail, all hail! Hail, all hail!

No. 11. FINALE.

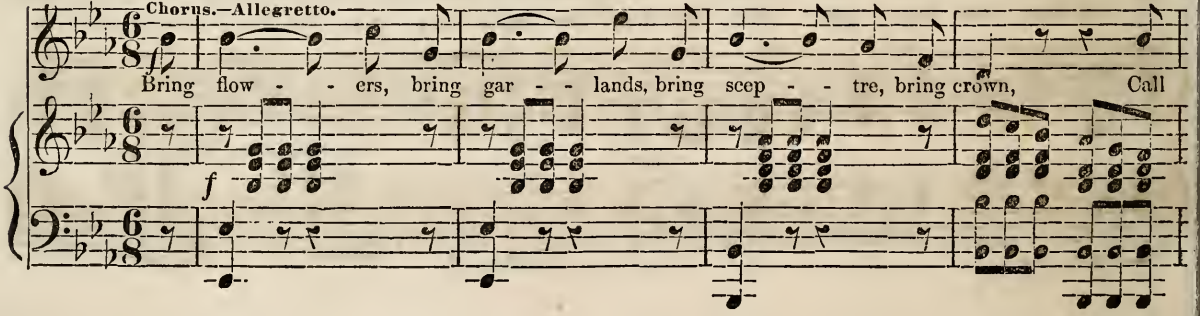

FLORENCE. Rec.
Your love, my friends, but shames me, A - las! 'Tis un - de - served, And
p
by its ma - gic pow'r My heart is nigh un - nerved; But, nev - er, Do be-
Moderato.

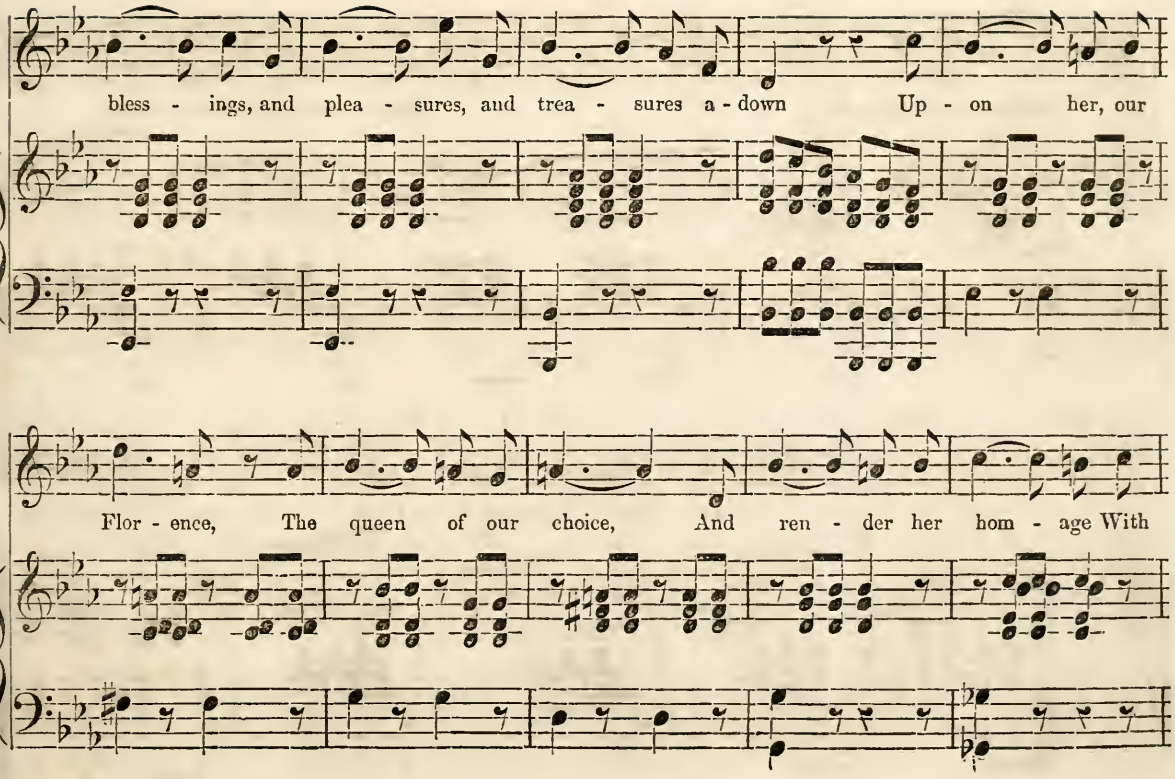

lieve me, Shall I for - get this day, When kind - ly you re-ceive me, And
Chorus.
make me Queen of May. Nay, speak thou not thus meek - ly, Thou well de-serv'st the

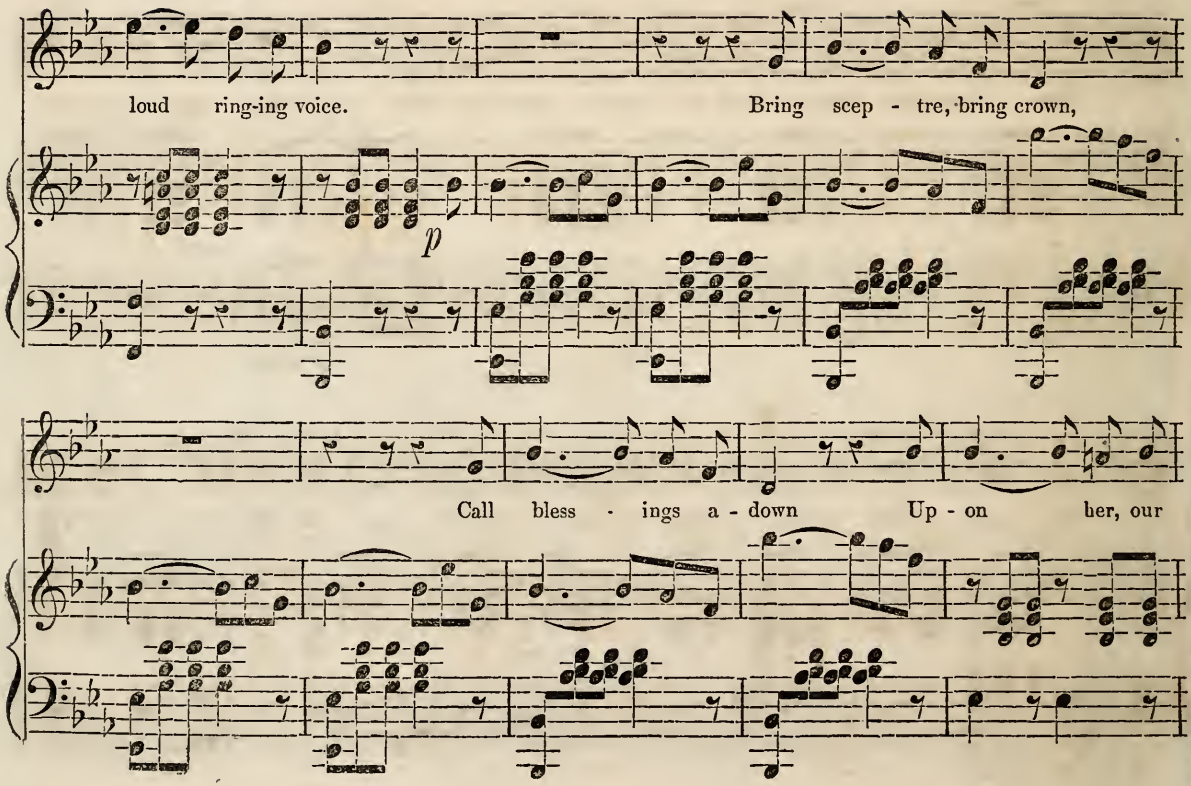

crown, And, we, thine hum - ble sub - jects, Be - fore thy worth bow down, And
we, thine hum - ble sub - jects, Be - fore thy worth bow down.
Accelerando e crescendo.

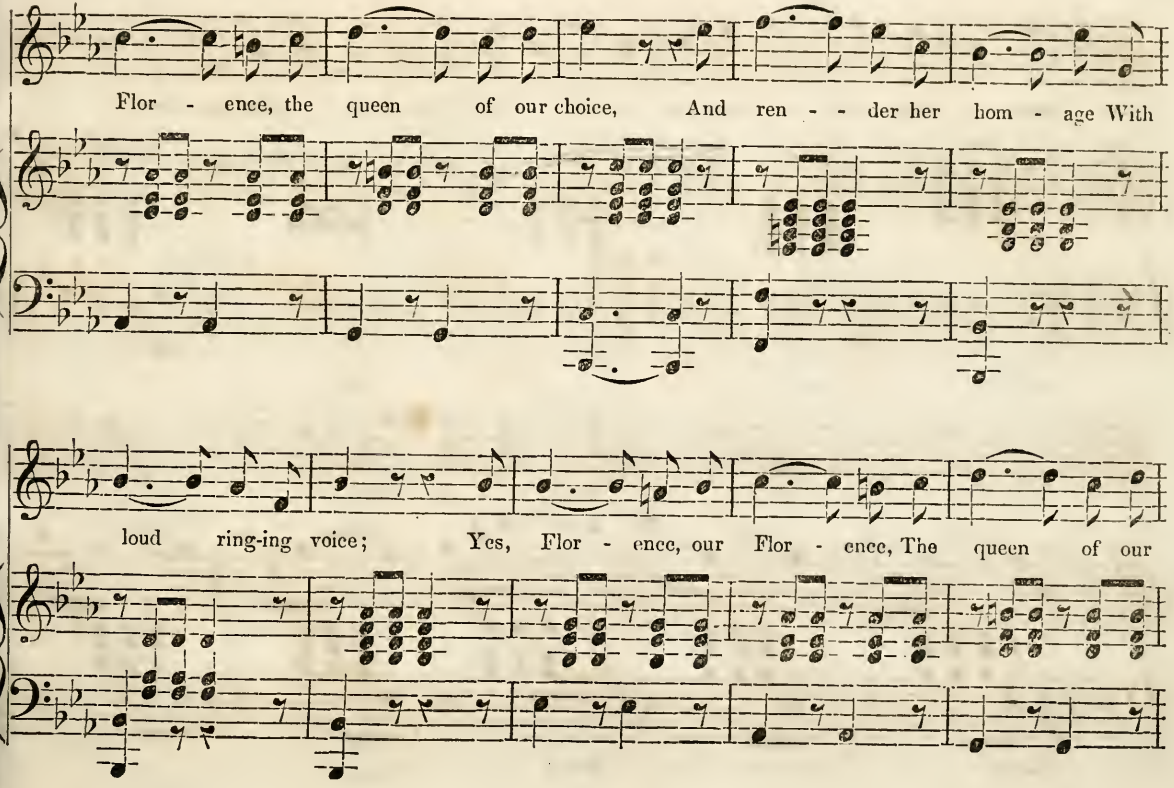


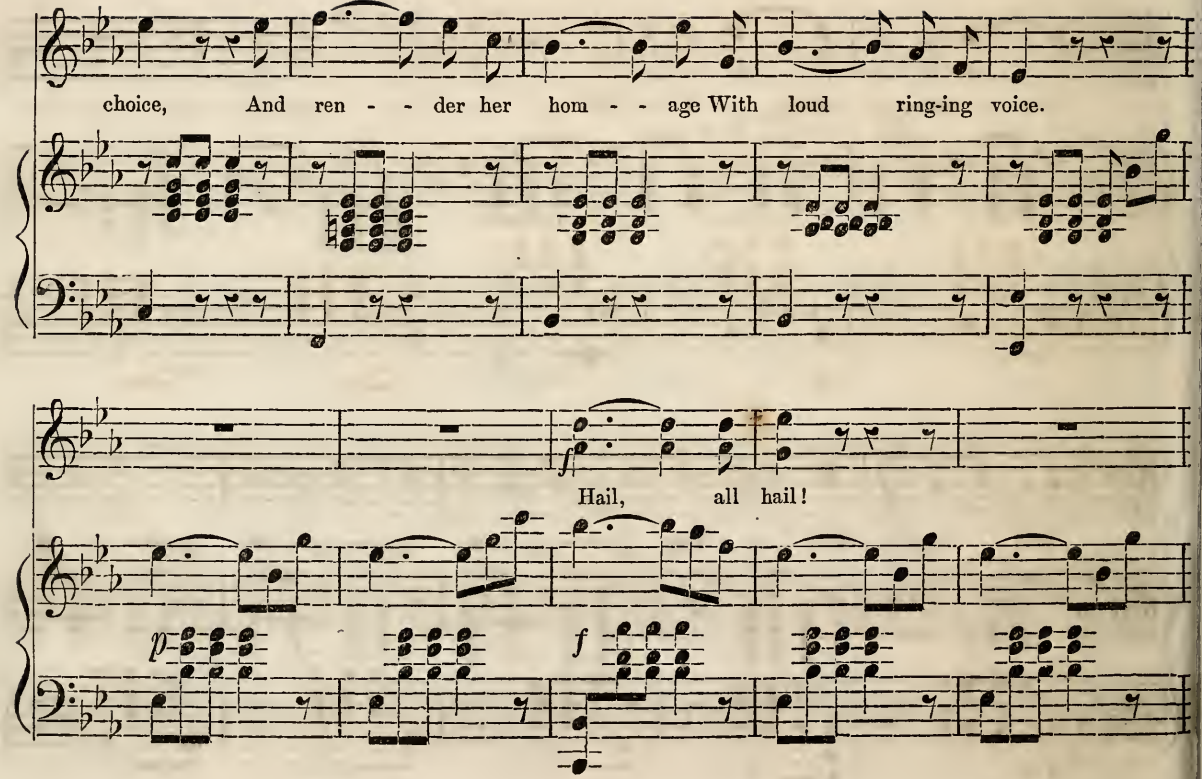
(During the following chorus, little girls strew flowers before Florence. The maids of honor bring sceptre, crown and garland. The Queen crowns her, and leads her to the throne.)

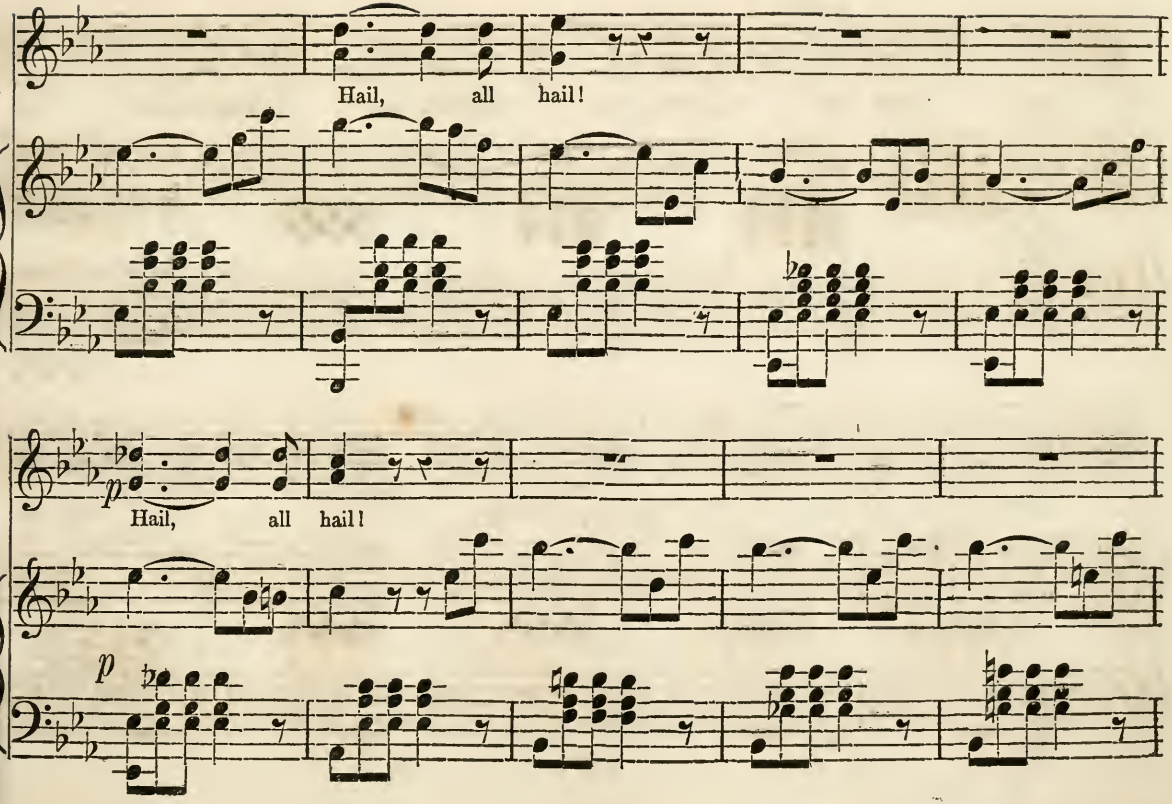


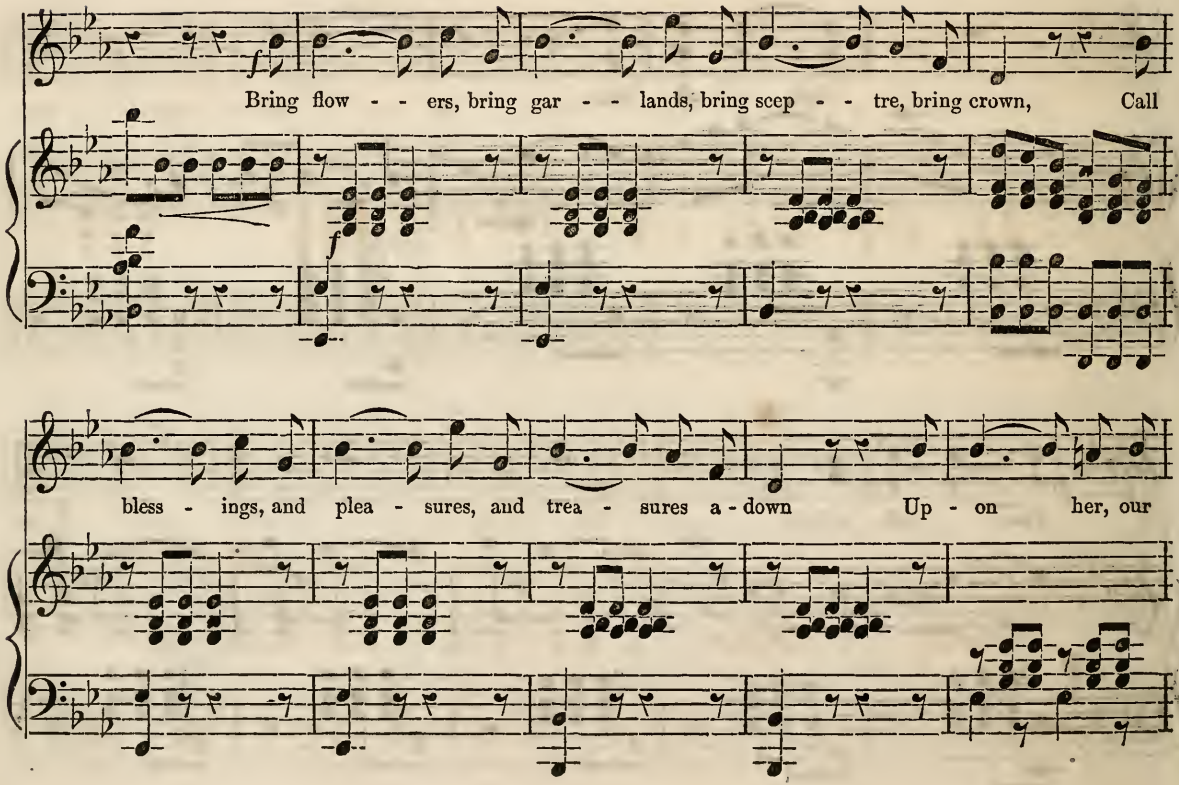

bless - ings, and plea - sures, and trea - sures a - down Up - on her, our
Flor - ence, The queen of our choice, And ren - der her hom - age With

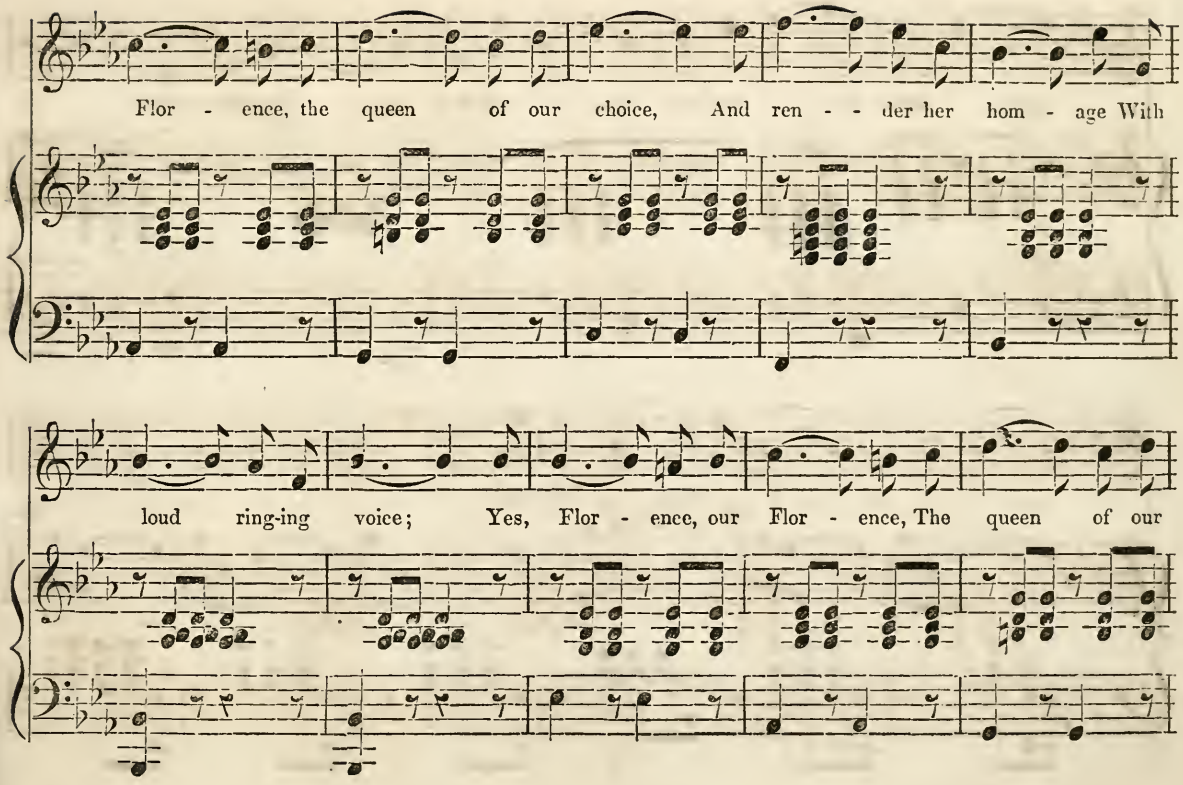

loud ring-ing voice.
Bring scep - tre, bring crown,
p
Call bless - ings a - down
Up - on her, our

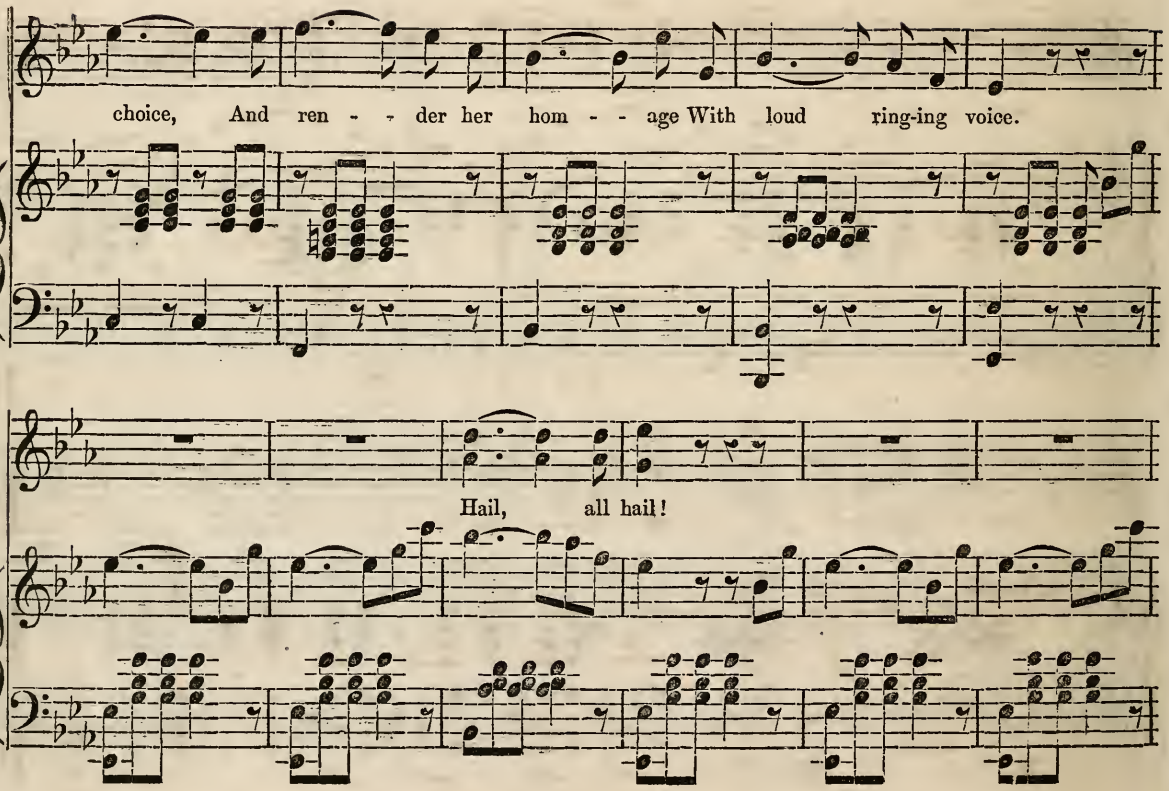

Flor - ence, the queen of our choice, And ren - - der her hom - age With
loud ring-ing voice; Yes, Flor - ence, our Flor - ence, The queen of our

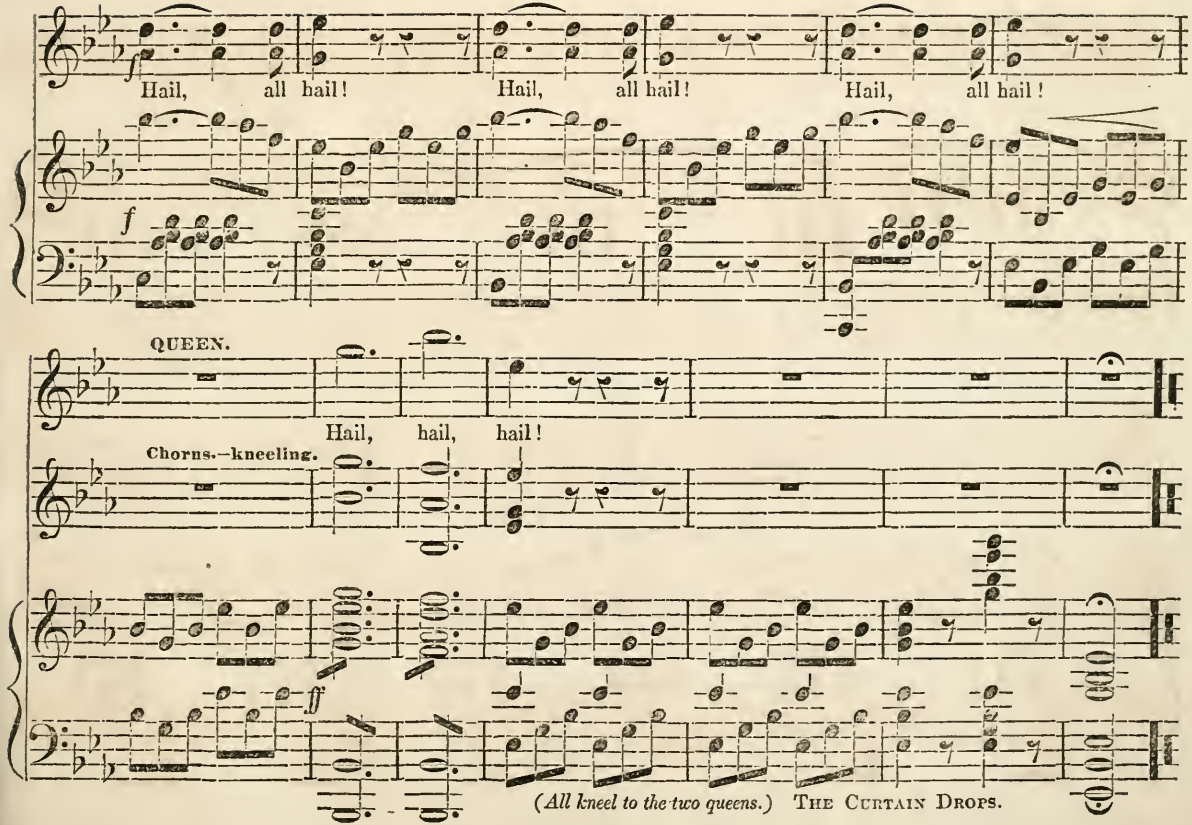

choice, And ren - - der her hom - - age With loud ring-ing voice.
f
Hail, all hail!
p
f


Hail, all hail!
p
Hail, all hail!
p


Bring flow - - ers, bring gar - - lands, bring scep - - tre, bring crown, Call
bless - ings, and plea - sures, and trea - sures a - down Up - on her, our


Flor - ence, the queen of our choice, And ren - - der her hom - age With
loud ring-ing voice; Yes, Flor - ence, our Flor - ence, The queen of our


choice, And ren - - der her hom - - age With loud ring-ing voice.
Hail, all hail!


Hail, all hail! Hail, all hail! Hail, all hail!
f
QUEEN.
Hail, hail, hail!
Chorns.—kneeling.
ff
(All kneel to the two queens.) THE CURTAIN DROPS.

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